Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

VOLUME EIGHT

EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

APRIL, 1930

"Repartee" and "Origins"

A FOREIGN INTERLUDE

The Index to the Eighth Volume of The Reader's Digest occupies in this issue a space which might otherwise have been used for contributions on "repartee" and "origins." The Contest Editor wishes to report that, with something in excess of 3000 contributions already ranged (in neat mountains!) on his desk, and more arriving by every mail, the task of selection assumes formidable proportions. He begs readers to send nothing more (unless it is absolutely irresistible!) and gives, in what space remains, a few contributions from subscribers abroad.

In the days when it was considered good advocacy, in this country, to "get up a row with the judge," a well-known Irish member of the English Bar once engaged in so heated an altercation with the Bench that he was at length asked: "Mr. — , are you trying to show your contempt for this Court?" Quickly came the answer: "No, m'Lord, Oi'm troying to conceal it!"

Contributed by R. Barregard, M. A., London, England.

In the years just after the Norman conquest of England the lords and barons who owned the New Forest allowed their serfs who lived in and around it to gather firewood from its many trees. There was only one limit placed upon the amount of wood they could take for their own use. After all the loose sticks had been picked up from the ground, the serfs could lop branches off the trees, going no higher, however, than they could reach with their scythes, or hooks, and with their shepherds' crooks. Thus, they could gather as much firewood as they could get "by hook or by crook" and it was in this way that the familiar expression originated.

Contributed by Joseph Lanning, Montreal, Que., Canada.

When, many years since, a leading publication sent out to many persons 'on the front page,' the questionnaire: "Is life worth living?" the late Mr. Chauncy Depew's reply came in five words, "It depends upon the liver," a solution containing even more of wisdom than wit.

Contributed from Rapallo, Italy (contributor's name withheld by request).

Some one asked the late Edward Everett Hale where Noah kept his bees. "In the arc-hives, of course," said Mr. Hale.

Contributed by Frances Rockell, Jena, Germany.

"Ce sont les amis! Ce sont les amis!" So shouted a little French boy, as the newly disembarked U. S. troops marched by, thereby giving a name to the American soldier that will go down in history. For, contrary to the popular belief that the name of "Sammy" was given to the American soldiers because they were Uncle Sam's boys, it was the children of France that named them: "Ce sont les amis!" to the unaccustomed ears of the marching Americans sounded as though the children were calling out "Sammy! Sammy!" and they took it to mean themselves.

Contributed by E. W. Sawyer, Cte-Vert, La Pelosse, Toulon, Var, France.

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Speed

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (March, '30)

George W. Gray

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS tells of a race with a startled gazelle in the Gobi Desert. When the speedometer of his car was registering 50 miles an hour, the gazelle was easily going 60, and in a few minutes was a speck far ahead.

A rabbit has been clocked at 35 miles an hour. Foxhounds can travel 40, but the fox usually leads them for many miles.

Winged animals travel faster. Recently an American pigeon flew 300 miles at 71 miles an hour. A swallow was taken from her nest in Antwerp, carried to Compiègne, 148 miles away, and there released. She was back on her nest in an hour and eight minutes, having flown at the rate of more than 134 miles an hour. It is a profound mystery how this frail bird, which could hide in your pocket, can get such speed out of mere muscle power.

Human muscles make a poor showing by comparison. The fastest mile a man has run was raced by Nurmi in 1925, at a rate of a little more than fourteen and a half miles an hour.

But such motion is a mere crawl compared with the speeds which man has obtained with metal muscles and electrical nerves. Major Segrave caroming over a Florida beach at 231 miles an hour, and Captain Orlebar in his super-marine plane meteoring off the Isle of Wight at 357 miles an hour, are both a demonstration and a prophecy. Since the speed bacillus first began to tantalize us a few decades back, we

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have allowed no record to stand for long. But at present that latter figure stands as the peak measure of human restlessness, man's highest attainment of motion — almost six miles a minute in the air, to compare with a maximum of almost four miles a minute on the earth's surface.

What is the future of speed? Have we reached the limit?

Professor A. M. Low, the distinguished British engineer, says: "We must accustom ourselves to the idea that in the future 500 miles an hour will be an every day — or night — affair."

Other authorities do not shrink from 1000 miles an hour. F. H. R. Folland, the engineer who designed the swift super-marine plane, has said, "I see no reason why races should not be won 20 years hence at a speed of 1000 miles an hour."

One difficulty is the lack of a motor able to push a plane through the air at that rate. Three great enemies are air resistance, friction, and centrifugal force. Every airplane designer is continually at war with these opponents.

Centrifugal force can destroy. A physicist has computed that when Segrave's automobile traveled 200 miles an hour its wheels were making thirty revolutions a second and each tire was writhing under a centrifugal force equal to the pull of four tons. With every increase in the rate of rotation this pull increases, until finally a critical speed is reached: the molecules of matter can stand the strain no longer; they fly apart and the tire explodes. The same kind of force applies to a rotating propeller and the motor which drives it.

Every owner of an automobile knows what friction costs in lubricating oil, but only an engineer knows its toll on power. Major Segrave's car had motors of 1000 horsepower. Ten percent of their energy went to overcome friction. As speed increases, the problem of lubricating the engine is additionally complicated by the danger of chemical changes in the lubricating oil, and cooling systems, which greatly lessen power, have to be added.

Speed's arch-enemy is air resistance. After 100 of his horsepower had overcome friction, Major Segrave had 900 mechanical horses left, which would seem to be ample, but — 500 spent themselves in overcoming air resistance!

Air resistance is a glutton for power. Suppose you find that a 10-horsepower engine will drive you at 30 miles an hour, and you wish to travel 60. Is it enough to double your horsepower? No; experimenters have found that the power required to overcome air resistance varies with the cube of the speed. Therefore, to double

the speed of an airplane, you must increase your motive power eight times. If a 10-horsepower engine develops 30 miles an hour, an 80-horsepower engine is necessary to develop 60 miles an hour.

Air resistance has brought into being the modern science of streamlining. By streamlining is meant shaping the body and each exposed part so as to facilitate the flow of the air around it with the minimum of disturbance. The principles apply alike to motion through water and to motion through air. Today not only airplanes, but racing automobiles, motor boats, and the swift ocean liner, the *Bremen*, are streamlined.

There is a limit to the gain that can be made in this direction, however. The air is essentially, and will continue to be, a resistant medium. So we are driven back to the question of motors. New types of motors — such as the Diesel, the turbine, and others — will inevitably be perfected. But will it be possible to make motors able to push through the enormous opposition that the air will offer to a craft moving 1000 miles an hour?

An obvious way to defeat air resistance is to rise above it. At ten miles up, the air is one-tenth its density at sea level. The same power that produces speeds of 100 and 125 miles an hour at our usual flying levels would easily produce many times that speed in the thin upper air.

But our present aircraft are dependent on air density. The propeller must have air to bite into; the wings must have air to push through; the motor relies on air to supply oxygen for its ignition. To travel through the higher levels would seem, then, to call for a radically different system of motive power.

A motive power which is independent of the air is the rocket — for Dr. Robert H. Goddard, director of the Physics Laboratory at Clark University, has shown that the efficiency of a rocket increases as the air in which it operates thins. In his now historic experiments with rockets he has shown that the ejection of gases — which determines the speed of a rocket — has greater velocity in a vacuum than in air. Thus we have in this Fourth of July toy a spectacular heat engine that is independent of the air and that has no rotating parts to generate friction, create lubrication problems, and develop centrifugal force.

Dr. Goddard is almost alone in America among investigators in this field. In Germany, however, Fritz von Opel has successfully piloted an automobile and an airplane, both rocket-propelled. His is the first recorded flight of man by rocket power.

What does the engineering pro-

fession think of the rocket? The *Journal of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers* says, editorially,

> Like all engineering achievements, rocket propulsion starts in a crude way, to be developed later . . .
>
> The spinning top, once a child's toy, has been developed into the gyroscope. It would be nothing surprising if the rocket, once an amusement device, should be harnessed to do work in super-swift transportation.

Dr. Goddard's experiments were begun with the purpose of sending an exploratory rocket into the upper air. In July of 1929 a rocket carrying recording instruments and equipped with a parachute was sent up. The instruments — a barometer and photographic camera — were brought down on the rocket uninjured. Present work is centered on building a large rocket capable of ascending to a height of several miles.

What of speed? Dr. Goddard has already computed the elements of a rocket capable of a steady acceleration which at a height of 740 miles above the earth would be moving 6.4 miles a second — enough speed, at that height, to escape into space.

Can the human body endure greater speeds? That is an old question, and crops up perennially. The best answer, perhaps, is in the words of Dr. A. S. Eddington: "Motion does not tire anybody. With the Earth as our vehicle we are traveling at 20 miles a second around the Sun; the Sun carries us at 12 miles a second through the galactic system; the galactic system bears us at 250 miles a second amid the spiral nebulae; the spiral nebulae . . . If motion could tire, we ought to be dead tired."

Flesh and blood, however, could not endure the cold or the thin air of the upper atmosphere. Any high-traveling craft would necessarily carry its passengers in sealed cabins, heated and ventilated artificially.

An aircraft flying at 1000 miles an hour could make a circuit of the earth within 24 hours. At such speed the machine would keep pace with the rotation of the globe and, in Kipling's phrase, "hold the Sun level in his full stride."

Finally, there is that ultimate possibility, that daring dream. J. B. S. Haldane predicts it in his essay on Man's Destiny:

> Man will certainly attempt to leave the Earth. The first voyagers into interstellar space will die. Yet there is no reason why their successors should not succeed in colonizing some, at least, of the other planets of our system, and ultimately the planets, if such exist, revolving around other stars than our Sun. There is no theoretical limit to man's material progress but the subjection to complete conscious control of every quantum of radiation in the universe.

What speed is necessary to escape from the earth's gravity? Seven miles a second at the surface of the globe. And rockets can be made to produce that speed.

The End of an Era

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (February 5, '30)

Frederick Lewis Allen
One of the editors of "Harper's" Magazine

RECENTLY a magazine editor and a newspaper editor were talking in my office.

"It seems to be getting harder each month," said the magazine editor, "to find live topics for magazine discussion. Divorce, prohibition and law enforcement, the warfare between religion and science, the new psychological theories — they all begin to look stale. And there seems to be nothing to take their place — nothing that really interests people. Is the public mind becoming apathetic?"

"I have noticed the same thing," answered the newspaper editor. "I believe we are approaching the end of an era. We are in for a change in the intellectual weather, and this is the lull that comes before it."

Many things have happened of late which seem to me to substantiate that idea. We seem to have reached the end of an era, the Post-War Period. That period had certain outstanding characteristics.

First, it has been an era of disillusion. The pumped-up idealism and fervor of war-time was followed by cynicism, by a general smashing of idols. Witness the reduction of man from an immortal soul to a biological mechanism; the substitution of the idea of sex for the idea of romantic love; the vogue for debunking, particularly in biography.

Second, it has been an era of revolt and experiment in sex. We have heard much of the tyranny of marriage, and the dangers of being inhibited. In our conversation, our novels, our plays, we have cultivated frankness of speech till it verged on brutality.

Third, it has been the era of science enthroned and of religion dethroned. The Dayton trial dramatized a struggle that went on in countless minds. Never before has the public been so ready to accept uncritically new scientific doctrines and theories. While the churches have lost members, the psychoanalysts have had thousands at their feet.

Fourth, it has been an era of *laissez-faire* in the relation between politics and business, and of getting-rich-quick. The popular president has been the one who gave business its head, and did as little as possible to divert the public from its preoccupation with profits. Prosperity has be-

come a religion, and Utopia is a place where every stock would make a ten-point gain every day. The mystical element in the American mind has done its dreaming about mergers and split-ups.

So much for the chief characteristics of the Post-War decade. Now for the signs of change.

The first two of these have been pointed out by Mr. Walter Lippmann. In 1928 he drew attention to two facts that showed how the wind was beginning to blow. The first was the overwhelming popular acclaim of Lindbergh after his flight. The public had had too much idol-smashing. When a young man not only took their imagination with his daring but astonished them by behaving like a gentleman afterward, they worshipped him as only a people starved for heroes can worship. Here was a sign that cynicism was waning.

The other sign was the withdrawal of Mr. Coolidge from the 1928 Presidential race. Perhaps, as Mr. Lippmann says, Mr. Coolidge withdrew because he realized that the days of *laissez-faire* were over. At any rate both Messrs. Hoover and Smith, the new candidates, believed that conditions could be improved if the Government did something about them.

These slight changes in the intellectual climate might have passed unnoticed had they not been followed by others.

There could hardly be a more definite sign that disillusion is dying than the tremendous success of Ramsay MacDonald's visit and the cordial reception given by thoughtful people to the out-and-out idealism of his message. Such idealism had not been known since the days of Wilson. The American people, one concluded, had begun to traffic in ideals again.

Only a few weeks later came the panic in the stock market. People learned that it is as easy to get poor quick as to get rich quick, and the speculator's Utopia vanished in the clouds. But the really impressive thing about the crash, from the point of view of my thesis, was the eagerness with which people turned to the Government for action and the vast sigh of relief with which they accepted the news that Mr. Hoover was going to take a hand in things. We heard little of the doctrine of "less government in business" when the President called together the industrial executives.

The widespread interest in Humanism is, I think, another sign for the weather prophets. It would be easy to overemphasize the importance of this religious movement. Nevertheless the establishment of Humanist churches, as well as the grateful

acceptance of Mr. Lippmann's *Preface to Morals*, would suggest that the revolt against religion has passed through its first violent stage, and is now trying to answer the question, "What next?"

These are not the only signs of a change in the public temper. Let us list categorically a few others.

The excitement about sex problems seems to be abating. We have talked about sex so much that it is becoming an old story, and we tire quickly of old stories.

The vogue of the new psychologies is declining: if you doubt this, listen to the average intelligent dinner-table group discussing behaviorism or Gestaltism or the Adler theories.

The enthusiasm for brutal outspokenness on the stage is perhaps ebbing: was not part of the triumph of *Journey's End* due to its reticence, and to the fact that it depicted gentlemen — not muckers — at war?

There are those who see in the present flood of plays of the romantic-historical nature a sign that we are becoming less satisfied that the romance of earlier days was all bunk. The people who used to read *The Mauve Decade* with a patronizing air are now greeting *Sweet Adeline* and *Sherlock Holmes* with sentimental wistfulness.

There are those who, like William Bolitho, think that the new skirt indicates a new trend in the relation between men and women. The short skirt, says Mr. Bolitho, was a symbol of woman's intimate companionship with man on a basis of friendly but unromantic comradeship, and the longer skirt is a token of her withdrawal to become once more the goal of romantic conquest. Again romance is in the offing.

I fully realize that this random collection of varied evidence proves nothing conclusively. I do think, however, that it indicates pretty clearly that we are on our way toward a time when cynicism and disillusion will be less general among thoughtful people; when the debate on the problems of sex will drop out of the headlines; when there will be less interest in debunking religion than in finding a religion which will satisfy the unchurched; when new scientific doctrines, particularly in the field of psychology, will meet with more cautious acceptance; when people will expect politics to be something more than the mere handmaid of business, and when business itself will be regarded with a more critical and analytical mind.

Eccentricity No Crime

Condensed from Vanity Fair (March, '30)

Henry Morton Robinson

I ONCE knew a man who used to be palanquined about town in a landau drawn by seven mystical zebras. His actions so paralyzed the public that he was reputed to be fabulously queer, rich and clever; also demm'd bold, exotic, and interesting. In short, eccentric. He borrowed money on his eccentricity; he became a candidate for senator on the same platform, and was defeated only because it was discovered that his zebras were nothing more than mules which had been treated by a designer of barber-poles.

What the United States really needs (and Mr. Stuart Chase will pardon me if I seize the baton from him here) is a few more such genuine eccentrics. By eccentric I mean a person who sweeps in a brilliant parabola across the dun sky of our lives. I mean Paganini, Hetty Green, Villiers de L'Isle Adam. Your true eccentric is a rare soul who swings the world like a trinket at his wrist, and never cares whether the chain breaks or not. A mad, sweet original, hacking at convention with a pretty poignard, dipped in triple essence of verbena and covered with a long lace cuff.

"But what good," bleats the pragmatist, "are eccentrics?" A lot of good. They point out what the rest of us forget — the delightfully erratic possibilities of human life. They get far away from the good, the true, and the beautiful, substituting for this dour trinity the rarer qualities of the rare, the cuckoo, and the courageous. Instead of acting like a bunch of six-day bicycle riders wearily grinding out the day's lappage, the eccentric pedals to the edge of the cosmic bowl and capers magnificently on one wheel while the race of men drone by.

By magnificent capering I mean the kind of thing that has been done by Baron Harden-Hickey, Gérard de Nervhal, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Timothy Dexter, Harry Lehr — and of course the two incredibles — "Dizzy" and Oscar Wilde. Each of these men had a charming act of his own, something that he could show the world on a dull day. D'Annunzio, for instance, always carries a hundred umbrellas with him when he goes to London. "There is so much moisture there," he is fond of explaining. Gérard de Nervhal stopped Paris traffic regularly by leading a deep-

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sea turtle down the boulevards. "Why not lead turtles?" he would argue hotly. "They do not bark, or tug at the leash; furthermore, they know the secrets of the deep." Harry Lehr, one of our most successful American entries, reached a high level of distinction by handcuffing himself to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and then swallowing the key. Villiers de L'Isle Adam was never at ease unless he could have a decayed quince about his person. But I feel that I had better stop here.

Unfortunately we have in America no living eccentric of first rank. But we have had them. Consider, for instance, Baron Harden-Hickey, Philosopher of Suicide, and King James I of Trinidad.

As a chitling youth James Hickey left his native California and went to Paris — the Paris of Napoleon III. Here he became an editor, a novelist, the most expert swordsman in a dozen cafés, and an inveterate bringer of lawsuits and challenges. Before he was 25 he had engaged in 42 lawsuits and 17 duels. He lost all the suits and won all the duels. Retiring for a month to a monastic cell, he composed a handbook entitled *Euthanasia, or the Ethics of Suicide*. Into this jolly *cahier* he incorporated all the rules and regulations concerning self-destruction, together with proper times and genteel places. He recommends no less than 88 poisons, and 51 instruments, including embroidery scissors.

Becoming weary of duelling, he began to affect a kingly air, and cast about for a Queen Consort. And he found her in the attractive person of Miss Annie Flagler, the daughter of the Standard Oil magnate.

Now all he needed was a kingdom, so he calmly seized the island of Trinidad, a derelict rock 700 miles off the coast of South America. This rock was inhabited by nothing but birds, turtles and enormous land-crabs; its principal produce was guano, and it had no harbor. Incidentally, it was claimed by both England and Portugal. But in spite of these wasps in the ointment Baron Hickey proclaimed himself James I of Trinidad. He manufactured a coat of arms, a royal seal, and thousands of postage stamps. He hired a Minister of Foreign Affairs, and had a legation at 217 West 36th Street which served as his headquarters whenever he came to New York.

Of course England had to spoil the fun by claiming the island as a cable station. Mr. Hickey fell to re-reading his own book on suicide. It so intrigued him that he decided to put his theory to the test. Which he did — not with potent ferments, but with an ordinary service revolver.

Another American eccentric, Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was even loonier than King Hickey. "Lord of the East, Lord of the West, and the Greatest Philosopher in the Known World" was the modest legend inscribed, in gilt lettering, on his house. In front were statues of George Washington, Moses, John Hancock, and Timothy Dexter himself.

Milord Dexter, with the true eccentric flourish, must have a poet laureate so he appointed one Jonathan Plummer, a carpenter by trade, to celebrate his deeds in deathless verse. Every time Lord Dexter went to Concord with his Mexican hairless dog, Laureate Plummer would rip off an ode against the day of his master's return. This ode was duly printed and spread over the town, causing the best Newburyport families to gnash their teeth at his presumption. Dexter didn't care. He sat down and wrote a blistering pamphlet against the world at large and his Newburyport neighbors in particular. This pamphlet, entitled *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, is one of the curiosities of literature, and is utterly illiterate, hair-raising, and unabashed. Dexter could neither spell nor punctuate, so he misspelled all the words and left out all punctuation. But — and this is the true eccentric stroke — he put scores of commas, periods and question marks on the last page, and bade the Knowing Ones "salt and pepper the book to their own taste."

Evidently he took the last kernel of eccentricity with him, for he has had no successor. The current century has not produced a single zebra-driver, or a genuine high-C eccentric. Nor is the reason for our failure hard to find. Eccentricity, as I conceive it, is the emergence of a rich and decadent ego functioning in a world where all other egos have been choked by tedium and routine.

Personally, I have always regarded Prince Hamlet as the highest lift of mortal eccentricity. He was the perfect eccentric: a dandy, a wit, a snob, a swordsman, a morbid philosopher and a completely histrionic madman. His wild and whirling words confound the duller wits of his confrères — notably Polonius, who is given out as the model of conventional wisdom and sanity. The ultimate test of the eccentric philosophy could be compacted into a neat question, a very simple and a very leading question, *viz.:*

"Who would you rather spend your evenings with: — Hamlet or Polonius?" A vote for Polonius is a vote for boredom. But a vote for Hamlet is a gesture in defense of skull-duggery, word-play, sword-play, ghost-baiting, lunacy, daffodils and corruption.

Will the secretary please pass the ballots?

Let's Have Another Party

Condensed from The World's Work (March, '30)

George Creel

Lifelong Democrat; Chairman of the Committee on Public Information during the War

THE American scheme of things, politically, calls for two parties, one in power, one in opposition — the latter well nigh as strong as the first, for its functions are scarcely less important. The party of opposition voices the demands of the minority. It provides a medium for the expression of new ideas and exercises a wholesome restraint upon the office-holding majority.

This test — the test of courageous, intelligent, and effective opposition — is the one that must be applied to the present Democratic party. Does it possess sufficient strength to act as a check on the Republicans? Has it cohesion, direction, unity of purpose? Above all, are its principles sufficiently in opposition to those of the Republican party to afford the electorate a choice between two schools of political thought, two courses of economic action?

With respect to Democratic strength, what need to go deeply into election returns? The familiar figures for 1920, 1924, and 1928 show more than mere defeat; they indicate a plain case of creeping paralysis. More important than mere figures, however, is the Democratic party's failure in the last election to hold the South or to come within striking distance of carrying a state west of the Mississippi. The Solid South is the keystone in the Democratic arch. It broke in the last election, and with increasing industrialization in the South, calling for a protective tariff, the South may swing even more to Republicanism in the next election. As for the West, it is from trans-Mississippi territory that the Democratic party must gain added strength, yet the last election saw every Western state in the Republican column.

That election tells its own story of internecine strife in the Democratic party. The elements which go to make it up are essentially discordant. The Democratic vote in the North and East is a city vote, an industrial vote, a Catholic vote, and a wet vote; while in the South and West it is a rural vote, an agricultural vote, a Protestant vote, and a dry vote. Even if the question of religion be put aside, sufficient causes of antagonism are still left. Between "country jake" and "city slicker," between agrarians and in-

dustrialists, between farmer individualists and city machines there has never been any bond of union.

Nothing is more obvious than that the Democratic party, for the past 50 years, has been held together by traditional partisanship rather than by common principles and interests. As long as the urban interests played second fiddle to the agrarian elements a surface harmony was possible, but with the growth of cities and their political power, ancient cracks became definite splits.

The Democratic party therefore no longer stands for anything clear and specific. Its platforms are no longer in vigorous contrast with Republican platforms. Voters are no longer given a choice between two schools of political thought. At every point the Democratic organization stands convicted of departure from traditional principles.

The Republicans go back to Alexander Hamilton for principles, and the Democrats to Thomas Jefferson. The one was a conservative; the other a liberal. Hamilton saw only the State; Jefferson saw only the individual. Hamilton thought in terms of classes — merchants, manufacturers, and landowners — deeming it proper and wise to shower them with favors since they were the bulwarks of government. Jefferson, a democrat, thought in terms of the masses, and deemed any form of special privilege a denial of equal justice.

Not once has there been a break in the Hamiltonian tradition. Every campaign has found the Republicans declaring for Hamiltonian theories, a protective tariff, subsidies, and legislation frankly in favor of vested interests.

The Democrats present no such record of courageous fidelity. Time and again they have abandoned Jeffersonian principles and aped the Republicans. In the last election with the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Raskob, a registered Republican, every real distinction between Democracy and Republicanism was destroyed and the spectacle afforded of a party of opposition deliberately modeling itself along the lines of its conservative opponent. Instead of attacking "Big Business," the "vested interests" were actually courted. Especially was the Democratic party's historic attitude to the tariff put aside, and declaration was even made that, in event of victory, there would be no general tariff revision. Nor was there any bold, helpful word for the unhappy agrarian, sinking deeper into poverty.

These assertions carry no charge of ill faith or insincerity. It is simply the case that the Democratic party today is not

one party but two parties, each bitterly opposed, and that the right wing party, centered in the cities, was able to write this platform. As a result of this hopeless division, the country is left without a party of opposition — an evil situation. Pressing for immediate solution are such great problems as agriculture, water power, foreign policies and armaments. Ought these not to be fought over rather than steam-rollered through by the Republicans?

The case of the Democrats, as a party of opposition, is seen to be hopeless. What, then, is to be done? Certainly a third party is not the remedy, for only disaster has ever attended the attempts of Greenbackers, Union Labor, Free-Soilers, Populists, and Progressives.

In the present political hodge-podge each party contains many men who plainly do not belong in it. A brand-new party is called for — one that will junk inherited hates and start clean. A conference of similarly minded people, drawn from both parties, is obviously the first step. The country has many independent and courageous men who are openly eager for a new political home in which they can live with self-respect. Senator George W. Norris is an admirable illustration of this type. He has never let opportunism interfere with his convictions. In the past election, for instance, he boldly risked his political life by coming out for Smith.

Were Senator Norris to issue a call to consult for the common good, would he not be answered by such unhappy Republicans as La Follette, Brookhart, Cutting, Frazier, Gifford Pinchot, and Shipstead? Would he not receive a response from such Democrats as Wheeler and Walsh, Tom Love and those other disgusted men who carried Texas for Hoover, McCormick of Pennsylvania, Charles M. Hay, the progressives of North Carolina, and a host of others?

The very mention of these names declares the platform that would be adopted, for their records show unceasing opposition to special privilege. All have stood like iron against a tariff that enriches manufacturers at the expense of consumers; all have sought to curb the rapacities of Big Business; all have proved that their concern is with the many, not with the powerful few.

Given such leadership, what more simple than the organization of a real fighting force, able to gather every progressive element in the country for the straight-out presentation of a program so opposed to Republican conservatism that people will have a choice now denied them?

Panic

Condensed from The American Magazine (March, '30)

Clarence Budington Kelland
Author of "Conflict," "Scattergood Baines," "Dance Magic," etc.

I HAVE been in a train wreck where cars were jumbled one on top of the other; I have been in a theater fire when the audience tried to climb the walls; I have felt the power of a mob; I have reached the end of my string while swimming; I have stepped into a kitchen a couple of minutes after a man shot to death the father of a family; I have seen a human being rush headlong, his body a pillar of flames; I have been lost in the woods; I have been in a hurricane at sea.

I do not list these experiences to make it appear that I am one who has seen many terrible things, but simply to offer evidence of my fitness to speak on the subject of the frenzy that seizes men and women. I have studied these things and endeavored to see how it can be that men can in an instant cease to be human beings, to become creatures obsessed by something diabolical, unsightly, incredibly frightful. I have tried to discover what is at the root of Panic, why it seizes upon some and not upon others.

It is easy to say that panic is the result of fear, but it goes deeper than that. It descends into depths more awful than mere terror. Put briefly, I think we must come to this: Suddenly, a man or several men are made aware, by some circumstance, of their futility in face of inevitability, and the knowledge drives them mad.

When a man knows, of a sudden, that he is in the clutch of something against which he cannot fight, then he does one of two things: he surrenders to blind panic, or he shrugs his shoulders. He goes mad, or he becomes sane with a clarity he never has known before. He becomes a Thing, or he becomes a Hero.

Inevitability! That is the keystone of the awful arch.

One morning in July of 1918 I stood upon an eminence in France looking down upon a valley golden with wheat. In the dawn, thousands of young men crouched in a trench, waiting for the word to rush out toward the enemy position. The word was given and they ran forward — and just ahead of them the wheat swayed as if agitated by a breeze. It was a gust of bullets, the enemy's machine-gun barrage.

There went thousands of young men into inevitable death or

mutilation. But they did not fly into a panic, though all the elements which cause a man to lose his reason were present. They went, sweating with terror. And why did they go? Because they were *disciplined* — disciplined in mind and body. A year before, in the face of that holocaust, they would have fled shrieking and trampling each other.

One day I saw running on the street a man, disheveled, moaning, with a child in his arms. He ran blindly. He did not know where he was going or what he was going to do. I heard him sobbing and muttering, "I can't do anything! I can't do anything!"

His child had been terribly scalded. Blind panic had seized him, and he had rushed out of the house with the child. Past the homes of two doctors he had run in his blind agony, but there was a physician on the next corner and I led him there. He hardly realized that help was being given, but kept moaning, "I can't do anything!"

One is glad his baby recovered. He, in his panic, might have been answerable for its death. What caused his panic? One reads it in his words. He couldn't do anything! In the emergency, he had no *discipline*.

I sat one evening in an old theater in a foreign city. There was but one exit down a long passageway. Suddenly smoke rolled over the audience; there was a shout of "Fire!" and then the thunder of feet. Somehow that thunder of feet was more terrible than the screams which came in its wake. The audience split into four parts, one rushing the stage, one rushing the rear and the exit, one blindly charging each side wall. Men and women fell and no one heeded them. Faces were dreadful and inhuman.

With me was my young son. If he had not been there, I think I should have been one of those scrambling, screaming madmen. It was curious; perhaps it was absurd. But the thought held my mind that I could not bear to have my son see me as those others were. Also, there was the responsibility — the *Discipline*. Something had taught me that I was responsible for my son, that he came before myself. It was Discipline of a sort. I know I said to him, "Fellow, sit tight. For God's sake, let's be dignified."

Now, that sounds a bit cracked, but I realize now the idea that lay back of the words. If we had to meet the Unknown together, I felt we must do it with self-respect intact. So we sat in silence, and the Powers were good to us, for presently we walked out past others who, but for their panic, might have won to the open air even as we.

Man is a fighting animal. If he can fight, even with the chances against him, he does not usually dissolve in panic. It is when he sees no chance that his reason totters.

There is, of course, another kind of panic. The panics caused by the imminence of death or of agony to one's self or to one's loved ones are as old as humanity, and easily understood. But there is Panic of another sort, artificial, impossible in another age and era. This is the *Financial Panic;* the frenzy brought on by apprehension lest one lose his money.

In this panic of low degree and parvenu birth we see men and women frenzied. Of late we have been able to see how individuals act when there is a fire in their pocketbooks. It has not been a pleasant spectacle. Somehow, it seems more shameful to fly into a panic in the terror of losing a certain number of the counters that we call money than it does to fly off our pedestals because of fear of death or pain. By losing money a man does not lose the delights of his senses or of friendship. Only the outward manner of his life changes.

One man expressed himself rather well when a friend called to condole with him over losses.

"I've lost nothing but money," he said.

But most men do not see it that way. There is something about the possession of wealth which is not good for the soul, perhaps. It places an artificial value upon secondary things. A man losing a million metal tokens will put a revolver to his temple and pull the trigger.

But he has lost nothing but money. He has deprived himself of life because misfortune has deprived him of luxuries. It seems absurd; but perhaps it is not absurd. Who shall judge.

Every human being may be attacked by Panic. Nothing but Discipline can make one immune. Discipline may be applied externally, as in an army or a ship's crew, and that will avert panics. But there is a better Discipline which a man may impose upon himself as he sits with his own wisdom and his own perceptions of truth and decency. It is the Discipline which may be had by scrutinizing the great known facts of human life, by accepting them as facts, by bowing to them, and by inuring himself to live in submission to them, and with fortitude in spite of them.

Is Progress a Delusion?

Condensed from The Golden Book Magazine (March, '30)

Will Durant

Author of "The Mansions of Philosophy," of which this article forms a part

WHEN we look at history in the large we see it as a graph of rising and falling states — nations and cultures disappearing as on some gigantic film. But in that irregular movement of countries and that chaos of men, certain great moments stand out as the peaks and essence of human history, certain advances which, once made, were never lost. Step by step man has climbed up from savagery. What were these steps?

First, *speech*. Think of it not as a sudden achievement, but as the slow development of articulate expression, through centuries of effort, from the mate-calls of animals to the lyric flights of poetry. Without words, generalization would have stopped in its beginnings, and reason would have stayed where we find it in the brute. Without words, man could not have become man.

Second, *fire*. For fire made man independent of climate, tempered his tools to hardness, and offered him, as food, a thousand things inedible before. Not least of all it made him master of the night. Picture the dark before man conquered it; even now the terrors of that primitive abyss survive in our blood. Once every twilight was a tragedy, and man crept into his cave at sunset trembling with fear. Now the night is overspread with a billion man-made stars, and the spirit of man is free. We shall never be grateful enough for light.

Third, *the conquest of the animals*. Animals are now our playthings and our helpless food; we forget the time when every step from the cave was an adventure, and the possession of the earth was still at stake. This war to make the planet human was surely the most vital in human history. But when at length power of mind defeated strength of body, man's triumph was transmitted to future generations. What are all our temporary retrogressions against a background of such a victory?

Fourth, *agriculture*. Civilization was impossible in the hunting stage; it called for a permanent habitat. The hunter found his quarry with increasing difficulty, while the woman he left at home tended an ever more fruitful soil. This patient husbandry by the wife threatened to make her independent of the male; and for his own lordship's sake he forced

himself at last to the prose of tillage. No doubt it took centuries to make this greatest of all transitions in human history; but when it was made, civilization began. Meredith said that woman will be the last creature to be civilized by man. He was utterly wrong. It was woman who gave man agriculture and the home — the elements of civilization; she domesticated man as she domesticated the sheep and the pig. Man is woman's last domestic animal. The task of civilizing him has just begun: one look at our menus reveals us as still in the hunting stage.

Fifth, *social organization*. Here are two men disputing: one knocks the other down, kills him, and then concludes that he who is alive must have been right, and the other wrong — a mode of demonstration still accepted in international disputes. Here are two other men disputing: one says to the other, "Let us not fight — we may both be killed; let us take our difference before some elder of the tribe." It was a crucial moment in human history! For if the answer was No, barbarism continued; if it was Yes, brutality gave way to law. Here, too, is a gift unfelt, because we are born within the charmed circle of its protection, and never know its value till we wander into disordered regions of the earth.

Sixth, *morality*. Here we touch the very heart of our problem — are men morally better than they were? In intelligence we have certainly improved. So far as character is concerned, we have probably retrogressed; subtlety of thought has grown at the expense of stability of soul; in the presence of our fathers we intellectuals feel uncomfortably that though we surpass them in the number of our ideas and our freedom from superstition, we are inferior to them in uncomplaining courage, fidelity to our purposes, and simple strength of personality.

But if morality implies the virtues exalted in the code of Christ, we have made some halting progress despite our mines and slums, our democratic corruption, and our urban addiction to lechery. We are kinder, gentler, more generous. We think there is more violence in the world than before, but in truth there are only more newspapers; vast and powerful organizations scour the planet for crimes and scandals that will console their readers for stenography and monogamy; and all the villainy of five continents is gathered upon one page for the encouragement of our breakfasts. We conclude that half the world is killing the other half. But in the streets, in our homes, we are astonished to find no murderers, but only democratic courtesy and a chivalry a hundred times more real than when men mouthed

chivalric phrases, enslaved their women, and insured the fidelity of their wives with irons while they fought for Christ in the Holy Land.

Our prevailing mode of marriage likewise is a refinement on marriage by capture or purchase. And there is less brutality between men and women, or between parents and children, than in any recorded generation of the past. Love, too, which was unknown to primitive men, or was only a hunger of the flesh, has flowered into a magnificent garden of song and sentiment, in which the passion of a man for a maid, though vigorously rooted in physical need, rises like incense into the realm of living poetry.

Seventh, *tools*. In the face of the romantics, the machine-wreckers who plead for a return to the primitive (dirt, chores, bugs), we sing the song of the tools, the machines that have enslaved and are liberating man. We grow gigantic arms that build in a month the pyramids that once consumed a million men; we make great eyes that search out the invisible stars of the sky, and little eyes that peer into the invisible cells of life; we speak, if we wish, with quiet voices that reach across seas; we move through the air like gods.

No, these tools will not conquer us. Our present defeat by the machinery around us is a transient thing, a halt in our progress to a slaveless world. The menial labor that degraded both master and man is lifted from human shoulders and harnessed to tireless muscles of steel. It is not revolution but invention that will liberate the slave.

Eighth, *science*. In a large degree, Buckle was right: we progress only in knowledge, and these other gifts are rooted in the slow enlightenment of the mind. Behold the scientist standing on a little planet, measuring, weighing, analyzing constellations that he cannot see; predicting the vicissitudes of earth and sun and moon; and witnessing the birth and death of worlds. Here is a bridge: a hundred thousand tons of iron suspended from four ropes of steel flung bravely from shore to shore, and bearing the passage of countless men; this is poetry as eloquent as Shakespeare ever wrote. Here in physics are new dimensions, new elements, new atoms, new powers. Here in the rocks is the autobiography of life. Here in the laboratories biology prepares to transform the organic world as physics transformed matter.

Yes, it is true that this victory of man over matter has not yet been matched by any kindred victory over man himself. The argument for progress falters here again. Psychology has hardly begun to comprehend, much less

control, human conduct and desire. Moreover, in our country, the democratic passion for extreme statements has turned psychology into a fad. But the science will outlive these ills, and when it has brought to us its truths, who will dare set limits to the achievements that may come from our growing knowledge of the mind?

Ninth, *education*. More and more completely we pass on to the next generation the gathered experience of the past. It is almost a contemporary innovation, this tremendous expenditure of wealth and labor in the equipment of schools and the provision of instruction for all; perhaps it is the most significant feature of our time. Once colleges were luxuries; today they are so numerous that he who runs may become a Ph.D. We have not excelled the selected geniuses of antiquity, but we have raised the level and average of human knowledge far beyond any age in history. Think now not of Plato and Aristotle, but of the stupid, bigoted and brutal Athenian Assembly, of the unfranchised mob and its Orphic rites, of the secluded and enslaved women who could acquire education only by becoming courtesans. Our great experiment in education has not yet had time to prove itself, but its full fruitage may well be the treasure of our civilization.

Tenth and last, *writing and print*. Again our imagination is too weak-winged to lift us to a full perspective; we cannot recall the long ages of ignorance and impotence that preceded the coming of letters. Through those unrecorded centuries men could transmit their hard-won lore only by word of mouth; if one generation forgot or misunderstood, the weary ladder of knowledge had to be climbed anew. Writing gave a new permanence to the achievements of the mind.

And now, as writing united the generations, print, despite its prostitutions, can bind the civilizations. It is not necessary any more that civilization should disappear before our planet passes away. It will change its habitat; inevitably new regions will lure with virgin soil the lustier strains of every race. But a civilization is not a material thing bound to a given spot of earth; it is an accumulation of technical knowledge and cultural creation; if these can be passed on to the new seat of economic power the civilization does not die, it merely makes for itself another home. Nothing but beauty and wisdom deserve immortality. To a philosopher it is not indispensable that his native city should endure forever; he will be content if its achievements form part of the possessions of mankind. We need not fret, then, about the future.

Whether Pigs Have Wings

Condensed from The North American Review (March, '30)

Gerald Chittenden

IT seems certain, from the great number of short-cuts to knowledge and aids to conversation that are advertised, that millions of simple souls in this country are sitting up o' nights assiduously and charmingly discoursing with imaginary, astonished, and admiring hosts and guests.

Charmingly — that is the point. For underneath all our hurry and materialistic effort lurks this quaint, funny, and pathetic wish to be charming. Harsh critics, the big, bad boys of current literature, thumb their noses at this common desire and call us infantile. We are infantile, but there is no reason why we should be ashamed of it. The leading characteristic of the so-called adult mind seems to be a desire to be disagreeable and to proclaim that nothing that men have desired was ever worth the getting. No doubt these adults are the people and wisdom will die with them, but for the rest of us there can be no sting in such a death. Certainly conversation with them is impossible; they are too sure they are right. Let us be infantile if we must, then, and charming if we can.

We recognize that conversation is the vehicle of charm, but have we any idea what conversation really is? Nothing dispels the fog of unreasonable awe like a definition. Conversation is a very different matter from controversy, and can never exist in its attractive form when opinions strongly held are strongly supported. The word itself means a turning of things over and about to see what they look like, and has no kinship whatever with the high words that arise between two little girls who both want to use the doll carriage at the same moment. Obviously, the ability to listen is essential. It is a rare talent in this country, perhaps because our capacity for it, never large, has been impaired by phonographs, radios, after-dinner speakers, and other inventions which we are not allowed to interrupt, so that, corked and wired, we explode in the face of anyone equipped with ears as well as a tongue. Dr. Johnson, adept in the mystery, rarely interrupted, although he did roll about and mutter and blow like a grampus. His remarks, as Boswell records them, seem to have been for the most part pungent and brief.

Perhaps in that brevity, as well as in the high muzzle velocity of his salvos, lies the secret of his position in 18th Century London. His hatred of sham, also, and his power of stripping it naked and sending it shivering away, contributed in no small degree to his conversational skill.

For sham of any sort makes conversation impossible. The man who must be always funny, or always serious, or always literary, musical, artistic, politically-minded, kind-hearted, caustic, or indeed always anything, had better go outside and gnash his teeth with the other hypocrites. We are none of us always anything, and, when the stage is set for what a friend of mine calls a Colonial Evening, with tobacco, a fire, and other necessities for the delectation of a company determined never to go to bed again, we can not even pretend to the ghastly virtue of consistency. To the devil with it, gentlemen; let us explore, and forget our souls, our consciences, and our sacred digestions. In such company, talk ranges free, becomes accidental and surprising; wit — and there is always wit — ripples and sparkles like the sun on blue water. They are Rabelaisian evenings — and where can you find such in the United States?

Well, in a rather surprising number of places when you come down to it, though never among groups of the adult-minded, who work too hard at the business of conversation and are inordinately proud of their product. An art is always the aesthetic use of a science; the art of talk is the aesthetic use of the science of living. As in other arts, the fundamental science must be learned first.

We are, it seems to me, engaged in developing a brand new science of living in this country. It is so radically different from what has gone before that exponents of the old see no beauty in the new. Our new economic theory, for example — that high wages make good markets — is revolutionary. It may or may not be sound, but the experiment is worth making, and, if successful in the long run, will inevitably furnish a brand new foundation for life. I am aware that the statement is ammunition to those who claim that American life is merely sordid and materialistic — an easy accusation, before which we are far too humble. Every civilization is to a large extent materialistic at bottom. Certainly, the *ancien régime* in France and elsewhere owes its charm to the leisure of a few, and leisure is a result of material welfare. The present régime in Russia is avowedly materialistic. Even in the Italian renaissance, culture became possible only after wealth had accumulated. Indeed, to say

that our civilization lacks a soul is too easy to be truthful.

Just at present, to be sure, we are breathless from our effort, and considerably puzzled about its outcome. We have not wind enough to talk, and our toys are new.

The experience of most Americans is of necessity somewhat narrowly specialized. Furthermore, we have an ingrained belief that the cobbler should stick to his last until he becomes notorious or famous, after which, he may amuse himself with other trades; having made motors for half a lifetime, he may at long last talk authoritatively about morals. Here we grope, or perhaps toddle, toward the right idea. Culture implies a comprehensive knowledge of something — anything — as well as versatility and ease. But there is no reason why the specialist should not depart from his own field and make generalizations. When he does so he will, to be sure, be open to challenge from others whose opinions are as good as his. From such challenge and counter challenge rises true conversation. Let us define it, then, as talk dealing with matters about which we are not and probably never can be fully informed, with speculative conclusions and not with the bare skeleton facts. Short of that, we do not converse; we listen to lectures.

Symptomatically, there is too much lecturing in our schools and colleges. The docile taking of notes is still the curse of education, although it tends to vanish in these days. We used to regard education as a process of filling certain undergraduate bottles and corking them with a degree, so that, after the seal was affixed, little could get out and nothing whatever could get in. We are reforming that indifferently, for the contemporary undergraduate cultivates the mood of challenge, and is more and more inclined to insist that his brain is a tool and not a container. Influenced by this point of view, we shall presently have much more wondering what it is all about — and that is the mood of conversation.

So perhaps there is hope for us after all. Certainly, there is widespread dissatisfaction with the present form of our civilization. Idleness must come first; it can not exist in a pioneer community. As the possibility of material expansion and physical enterprise begins to diminish, the spirit of adventure begins to turn inward. Lacking blank spaces on the map, we discover them in our own minds and at once begin exploring them. Thus we may hope, in the face of our critics, that our civilization will flower in the arts, including the art of conversation. Civilizations have always done so.

The Genealogy Business

Condensed from The American Mercury (March, '30)

Marquis W. Childs
Staff member of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch"

THERE are perhaps 20,000 practising genealogists in this country today. They range in importance from impecunious gentlewomen who infest the reference rooms of public libraries to suave, scholarly gentlemen who control the destinies of the horde of patriotic and hereditary societies. Included also are three or four formidable associations of genealogists, corporations really, formed for large-scale operations.

The impecunious gentlewomen, and their male counterparts are, of course, in the majority. They peg out meager incomes by piecing together vague family records into genealogies sufficiently impressive for the uncritical. It is the big boys who are most often in on the big money. Usually they are connected with one or another of the multitude of genealogical magazines, and have a considerable dignity in the craft. Their fees soar to heights that would put a fashionable surgeon to shame.

One of the most successful of the big organizations is the American Historical Society, Inc., with impressive offices in New York. This society employs a large force of research workers, and carries on its inquiries not only all over this country but abroad. The results of these labors are privately printed by the society if the client has the price. Its publications are fine examples of bookmaking. The most costly are bound in full calf, heavily tooled, with the coat-of-arms of the client prominently displayed. The color plates, the engraving, the printing are all of the finest. This society decries the more romantic forms of investigation into royal and noble lineage and specializes in Colonial ancestry.

But it by no means has the field to itself. In Chicago also the demand for bigger and better genealogies has been ably met. There was formed there in 1928 the Institute of American Genealogy. Its aim was:

> . . . to compile one alphabetical master index to include the name and family data of the head of every family included in all the printed genealogies, in manuscripts, charts, court and cemetery records and private records available down to and connecting with the Federal Census of 1790 . . .
>
> In the spirit of patriotic service it was determined to make these indexes accessible to the public.

This announcement, it seems, did not cause uniform rejoicing in

the profession. A good many small workers accused the Institute of taking the bread and butter out of their mouths, and other important societies withheld their coöperation.

This, of course, was a pity. For the field is so wide and so rich that surely there should be room for all, working as one big union. For every hereditary society that is even slightly known to the commonalty there are at least ten that reserve their loftier splendors for the anointed. The Daughters of the American Revolution is one of the oldest societies and has always been noisier than the others. Other societies have cultivated exclusiveness. There is, for instance, the Society of the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with its highly exclusive membership of 436. And the Society of the Cincinnati, whose members must be descended from a commissioned officer of the Revolution. The initiation fee is "one month's pay of the grade in which such ancestor served." Merely to list some of the other societies is to intimate their grandeur: for example, the National Society of Daughters and Founders and Patriots of America, the Hereditary Order of Descendants of Colonial Governors Prior to 1750, the Huguenot Society of America, and the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants.

However, the swellest of such orders seems crude and raw when put beside those based upon royal lineage. The gleam of a crown inspires many Americans to feel quite sniffish toward the vulgarities of rebellion and the crudities of the pioneer. The badges of these noble orders are emblazoned with coronets and fleur-de-lis; they dangle from princely ribbons.

An excellent example is the Ancient Heraldic and Chivalric Order of Albion, whose members attain "a high degree of knighthood." Then there is the noble Aryan Order of St. George of the Empire in America, and the Baronial Order of Runemede. The membership of this last is composed of "lineal male descendants of one or more of the 25 barons who were selected to be the sureties for the proper observance of the statutes contained in Magna Charta." The Scions of Colonial Cavaliers states that:

> A great many Southern families have a "tradition" that their forefathers were Cavaliers, an expression often loosely used to mean gentlemen and ladies. But only the historical fact of one's being a scion of a Cavalier who was a partisan of Charles I against Cromwell, or belonged to a family ranked as Cavaliers by a reliable historian is of any avail for membership.

It is in Boston, a holy city to all right-thinking genealogists, that the Puritan is glorified. Here all worldly objectives are lost sight of and ancestors are hunted down with a somber zeal that makes even the devotion of the

Chinese to their ancestors seem a little thin.

Boston is the seat of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the grandpa of them all. For the past 80 years the society has been accumulating a library of thousands of volumes dealing with genealogy. Nearby, at Salem, is the Essex Institute, which is even older. In Boston, too, under the direction of the Massachusetts Society of *Mayflower* Descendants, there is being carried forward a great project. It is the ambition of this Society to include in one vast work, which shall be completed by 2020, the 400th anniversary of the landing, every descendant of all the passengers aboard the *Mayflower*.

Far removed from the chaste confines of Boston, in the remote West, is another great seat of genealogical research. Here genealogy has a place in the religious observances of the Latter Day Saints of Utah, because of the teaching that the gospel is preached in the spirit world, and that the dead can be converted by the living. It thus becomes necessary to get an accurate list of one's ancestors for their own benefit. Some of the most extraordinary pedigrees have come from the Utah school. They go back to Joseph of Arimathea and "Anna (cousin to Mary)," and they include Wecta, King of Saxony; Rurik, founder of Russia; "Lear, King in Britain," and others.

Occasionally an eminent mind labors in the field. For example, Dr. David Starr Jordan is the co-author of a recent work called "Your Family Tree." Although Dr. Jordan states in a preface that one of his objects is to demonstrate that there is no especial significance in "a boasted 'line of long descent,'" his book is largely given over to genealogical tables which tend to refute this modest contention. For these tables show that almost all the gaudier present-day heroes of the United States descend from kings and emperors. Dr. Jordan himself is descended, through the same line with Rufus Choate, from David I of Scotland by way of Isabel de Vermandois. Ray Lyman Wilbur likewise stems from David I, and Calvin Coolidge is traced back to Charlemagne. J. Pierpont Morgan descends from David I, and John D. Rockefeller from Henry I, King of France.

The future is bright with hope for the genealogist. New millionaires and new movie stars, all of whom seem to regard a good sound genealogy with much favor, are always appearing in sufficient abundance. On more modest levels there are the sons and daughters of founders and patriots, ever in need of a bit of genealogical substantiation.

Now Is the Time to Advertise

Condensed from the Review of Reviews (March, '30)

Earnest Elmo Calkins
Former advertising specialist; essayist

THE prosperity which these United States have enjoyed might be described by a very simple formula.

In a certain office the bookkeeper owed the stenographer two cents. The stenographer owed the office-boy two cents. And the office-boy owed the bookkeeper two cents. One day the bookkeeper finding a penny in his pocket passed it to the stenographer discharging half his indebtedness. The stenographer passed it on to the office-boy who paid it to the bookkeeper, who sent it around the circle again. Thus each of the three became solvent and the bookkeeper had his original capital.

That's it, money in active circulation, the small money of small people, but lots of them. Static wealth means nothing. Factories and goods, stocks and bonds, are not prosperity. Business is exchange of commodities for money, and then spending that money for other commodities. You pass up a shine and Tony does not get your ten cents. Others do the same and Tony cannot buy the radio he has set his heart on. The electrical dealer finds radio sales falling off and does not buy the car he had planned. The motor car distributor sells fewer cars and cuts down his expenses, little and big. His grocer, butcher, haberdasher feel the difference. This includes whatever you sell. And you skip more shines and so it gets round to Tony again and begins all over.

Too much emphasis is placed upon big business — lumbering, railroads, steel, banking. These do not make prosperity. They merely reflect it. They prosper when the country prospers. And the country prospers by the daily round of small expenditures of millions of families. As long as that keeps up, everything is normal. But let the housewives begin to pare their budgets, substitute a boiling piece for the weekly roast, make over little Mary's frock instead of buying a new one, and business falls off. The daily purchases of millions of people are conditioned by advertising. Cut advertising sharply off and we would have a slump beside which the stock exchange debacle would be a mere incident.

A business slump such as we are in danger of is all a matter of

belief. This statement has come in for some sharp criticism recently from disillusioned critics of our industrial civilization. We are accused of "kidding ourselves;" we are reminded that optimism will not change facts.

But what are the facts? There is actually nothing wrong with the machine that makes, advertises, and sells goods; nothing subtracted from the incomes and wages of the masses of people. Nothing has happened but the squeezing of inflated paper values from a lot of stocks. Such adverse circumstances as there are existed before the slump. Those that have arisen since are due entirely to loss of confidence and hesitation.

It is that disposition which concerns us. That is what makes it preëminently an advertising situation. Our difficulty this year is not that people have less to spend but that they hesitate to spend it. It will be a fine test of advertising. It is far more logical to advertise when sales are hard than when they are easy. Yet many otherwise logical manufacturers curtail advertising at the first sign of a business cloud. They may see the importance to prosperity of our advertising as a whole. But each may think "My advertising is but a small part of the whole. I'll play safe, cut down this year, and see how things go." A multiplication of such doubting Thomases can cause the only thing which is to be feared at this moment — a psychological business depression.

Few business men, even those who employ advertising, understand that it must be continuous and consistent to produce its best results. Continuance is more necessary than any other factor. Many businesses are underadvertised. There is no half-way house. The advertising must equal the opportunity. Too little is no better than none at all. If the persimmons hang ten feet high a nine-foot pole is no better than a two-foot pole to get to them.

If you seek proof of the building power of advertising, look about you. There is no greater asset than good will. That is what the bankers buy when merging industries into chains and groups, products with good will created by continuous advertising, industries built up from small beginnings by the gentle process of offering them enticingly, convincingly, persistently, a growth as slow and sure as the growth of a tree.

The Welch Grape Juice Company has just been sold to a group of capitalists for a good round sum. I can remember when it was a small family business making communion wine. At a time when practically no beverages were advertised except the beer that made Milwaukee famous and

regretted, the Welch family decided to advertise grape juice as a palatable, refreshing drink. It was not a grape juice that the capitalists recently bought. For a fraction of the purchase price the purchasers could have assembled a grape juicery as good or better than the Welch's, but it would have lacked the essential ingredient, a name favorably known wherever thirsts are quenched.

Cyrus Curtis is one who prospers in bad times as well as good. During the worst week of the post-war deflation period when the *Saturday Evening Post* carried only eight pages of advertising, he put $50,000 into the newspapers to reiterate his belief in advertising. The newspapers too were empty. He got maximum attention and maximum results when the tide turned, as business men do who have the courage to cast their advertising bread upon business waters.

Congoleum has also profited by the courage to advertise when timid business was curtailing. In the lean years after the war when the business was in the red, A. W. Erickson persuaded his fellow directors to sign an iron clad agreement to spend $1,000,000 and keep on advertising, come what would. Congoleum continued in the red, and to that loss was added $100,000 monthly outgo for advertising. The directors got cold feet and begged to be let off. But Erickson was adamant. He knew the pull would be a long one. As business picked up Congoleum forged ahead long before its competitors had recovered. It had enjoyed the advantage of large space in magazines empty of rivals. And that is how Mr. Erickson got the money to build and maintain at Tucson, Arizona, the finest heliotherapy institution in the world.

The time has come to use advertising as it was intended to be used, to stimulate business. Never has there been a time for a cleaner test. There are no adverse factors except the mental hazard of last year's stock slump in men's minds. The obstacle is psychological, not physical.

We are in a position to learn whether we can control prosperity. When your car loses momentum on a hill you give it more gas. Business has lost some of its momentum. The remedy is more gas — more advertising. Last year's volume moved an enormous total of goods, but this year more is needed. Every business man should ask himself whether he is planning to spend enough to bring this year's sales up to last year's or above them. If this is done we can, with the momentum we still have, take the stock market losses in our stride and not be conscious of them before the year is out.

Science at Work

Excerpts from The Scientific American

WITH all the thousands of things there are to eat, drink, chew, or roll around in the mouth, the favorite flavor of the Great American Public is peppermint. Only a few months ago a mint confection business was sold for $22,000,000. Yet 15 years ago this business was started with a capital of $900.

To learn how candy mints are made, we journeyed to the biggest factory of the kind in the country — the Life Saver plant at Port Chester, New York. The raw materials of these mints are sugar and mint flavor — nothing else. These raw materials go up to the roof of the building. Down they come by gravity, rolling, sliding, tumbling, falling, passing through this piece of apparatus and that, until they emerge on the second floor, a finished article, wrapped, in cartons ready for delivery. In all the process no hands have touched them.

At one point in the manufacture a pressure of 14,000 pounds is applied to each tablet, giving it a china-like hardness. There is an old "wise-crack" to the effect that the manufacturers of Life Savers make their money not out of the confection, but out of the hole. The fact is that the high pressure forces as much sugar into a small space as would fill a larger space at more moderate pressure.

We asked the president of this company, who is credited with having created the mint market in this country, why it is that people are so fond of mint tablets.

"It seems to be the result of a trait of our ancestors, acquired down on the farm," he said. "A man used to walk along chewing on a straw. At a later date a lot of people developed the gum-chewing habit. At a still later date we got the habit of rolling a mint tablet under the tongue."

In England, it appears, still another psychological reason underlies the popularity of mint tablets and other small confections. Residents of the United Kingdom have a decided prejudice against eating in public. There is little demand for candy bars of the type found in America, but there is a vigorous demand for the less noticeable confections that can be eaten without attracting attention.

Many manufacturers have discovered that perfumes, if added to their products, will increase satisfaction and demand. Some fly sprays now contain synthetic fragrance which counteracts other

repulsive odors of the spray. Other manufacturers are scenting leather gloves, especially for ladies. Synthetic fragrances are being added to candles. And it has been discovered that a little fragrance added to quick-drying but smelly lacquers will overcome the strong odor of bananas.

Last summer when a New Jersey millionaire was giving an old-fashioned barn dance the voracious Jersey mosquito gave threat of being a disturbing element. The millionaire called in a synthetic chemist, who added a scent of new-mown hay to a mosquito spray. A good time was had by all except the mosquitos.

Time was when books and those who read them were regarded with awe. In the early days of printing, each volume in a library was tethered to its case by a heavy iron chain.

Recently an electric book carrier has been designed which will be installed in some of the great libraries in this country. This invention, it is prophesied, may revolutionize library planning. Using this carrier, the longest time required to deliver a book to the main desk from the most distant stack in a six-story library is under four minutes. This is in great contrast to many of the great European libraries where a reader is required to put in a request for a research book one day and return for it the next.

An ingenious archeologist even recaptures the form of an object that has totally disintegrated before a spadeful of earth is turned. The substance of a thing may wholly disappear in the course of time and yet leave an imprint of its form in the layer of earth that has carried it. Many readers will remember those casts of human bodies made during the excavations at Pompeii, where plaster was poured into the hollow left after all that was human had disappeared. Never was the ghost of death's agony so vividly materialized: a modern miracle had recaptured the last dreadful moment of a man who perished 1900 years ago.

A remarkable feat was performed by Mr. Woolley, Director of the Joint Expedition of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum, at Ur of the Chaldees. As little by little his workers uncovered the strata of earth above the royal tombs, Mr. Woolley noticed a small round hole extending into the earth and a few feet away another hole of the same dimensions and direction. Though unaware of what these represented, his great archeological experience told him that here might be a clue to something vitally important.

Halting the work he prepared a "soup" of plaster of Paris and poured it meticulously into the holes until they could hold no more.

After allowing the solution to set, the earth was carefully cleared away around the newly created plaster form, revealing a perfect reproduction of a harp's body and uprights. It had been made of wood originally but must have long since decayed and only a mould of its shape remained, of which the plaster filled every crevice. Even the seven fine strings of the harp were recaptured in plaster and the metal ornaments, originally fastened to the wood frame, were found adhering in their proper places to the new plaster form of the harp. Had Mr. Woolley been a hasty excavator or possessed of a mind less keen and ingenious, this inestimable piece of archeological evidence would have been lost forever.

Cornstalk gas to light and heat cities was announced recently by the American Chemical Society. Ordinary sewage and plain cornstalks are allowed to decompose, forming the gas. From these two wastes, University of Illinois chemists are recovering large quantities of methane gas, usable for heating, operating autos in place of gasoline, and driving generators producing electricity. They also are recovering carbon dioxide which they propose to utilize by converting it into "dry ice."

The chemists believe they have an apparatus so simple that it can be installed by the farmer to make his family sewage turn his cornstalks into cheap cooking gas. It requires no machinery; bacteria from sewage do the necessary work.

The author of the discovery is Dr. A. M. Buswell, Professor of Sanitary Chemistry at Illinois, assisted by C. S. Boruff.

Motorists may have noticed the glass tank atop the gasoline pumps in the service stations and observed that this glass is often tinted. Contrary to popular belief, this is not merely a decorative idea, but represents a scientific effort to minimize the decomposing action of sunlight on the gasoline that stands in the glass tank. It has been found that certain elements, particularly the rare earths, impart a delicate tint to glass which filters out those rays of the sun which tend to "crack" the gasoline. Many other interesting discoveries have been made lately regarding the effect of these substances in glass; for example, a trace of neodymium in the glass of one's spectacles should partially correct color blindness.

"I Didn't Know He Was Married"

Condensed from Plain Talk (March, '30)

Chester T. Crowell
Editor and journalist

WHENEVER a scandal breaks, the standard alibi of the woman is "I didn't know he was married." As a cub reporter the first interview I ever obtained with a woman was precisely that: "I didn't know he was married." I would hesitate to estimate how many times, during my years as a newspaperman, I have written those words. And not once did I encounter facts to corroborate the woman's statement.

Why is this ancient, threadbare alibi so readily accepted? The puzzle fascinates me. If you ask any woman if she thinks she can tell after a brief acquaintance whether a man is married or single, she will assure you that she can. Indeed, nine women out of ten would consider the question stupid, like asking the difference between blue and green. Nevertheless the alibi does work. Men almost invariably accept it at par.

Beyond question some married men do succeed in passing themselves off as single but I will have to see one perform the trick before I can believe implicitly that it is possible. No matter how many affairs a man may have had he remains — even to my poor, astigmatic, male eyes — half-baked until he has experienced marriage. And women are vastly keener judges than any man could possibly be. They pay more attention. The first thing they want to know about a man is whether he is married or not, and he lets them know with about the third flicker of his eyelash.

I recall an amusing luncheon engagement with a woman who was introduced to me by telegraph. We met to discuss an important contract. As it happened we ordered a meat dish garnished with spinach. By the time this arrived, we were both keenly interested in our conversation. I noticed that the spinach was prepared in a way my wife doesn't like and absent-mindedly following our custom I took all of it. There was a certain cut of meat which she prefers and I carefully spooned that onto my guest's plate. Meanwhile she poured the coffee. I noticed that she placed one lump of sugar in her cup and three in mine. I never take three lumps. We were both talking furiously while all this went on but when I passed her her plate and she handed me my cup we stopped — and laughed.

"You're married, aren't you?" she remarked.

"Yes," I answered. "And so are you," as I fished out the soggy lumps of sugar.

Several years ago I made an ocean voyage alone. After my first meal I retired to the smoking room. On the deck, just outside, I noticed some children playing. Presently one of these children, a pretty little girl of about three years of age, appeared in the doorway. Immediately the men greeted her with a chorus of "Hello, Angel Face," and "Come here, baby." But she didn't come in; she stood there looking them over appraisingly. I recognized the expression at once. That youngster wanted something and was trying to pick out the man who would understand. Her eyes met mine and immediately she stepped into the room, came straight to me, then turned her back and with a familiar baby gesture showed me that her panties were hanging by one button. She didn't have to be a mind reader to know that I had met babies and their needs. The way I looked at her must have shown that quite plainly. I gave the requisite attention and she scampered back to her gang unmindful of the laughter in the smoking room. Every man there knew I was a father.

I have been told that married people sometimes decide to be single for the duration of an ocean voyage. I wonder how many of them get away with it.

For instance, later on that same voyage, I was conscripted to make the fourth in a bridge game. The other players were two young women and a young man, all of us just acquainted. When I joined them we mumbled names in the usual manner. Then we began to play. From time to time I would catch the women studying either me or the other man. They were deciding whether or not we were married. Women, old or young, married or single, always do that; it is their favorite sport.

I recall that occasion rather vividly because I had never before observed so clearly the difference between the questioning gaze of a girl and of a married woman. One of those women was married, the brunette, I judged, because she looked me over as one inspects a familiar object. The other's gaze was more alert and intent, like that of a child at the zoo. I noticed another thing too: the married woman liked her husband. A married woman who likes her husband is much more attractive to men than one who doesn't. The reason is obvious: she feels friendly toward his sex. It's much easier to like a woman who confidently expects the best of you than one who has been soured by unpleasant experiences.

The married woman who in-

stinctively likes men because she likes her husband not only makes friends for herself but performs the interesting miracle of making all her men friends like each other. Socially she is humanity's highest achievement.

You will have inferred from these remarks that I liked my brunette bridge partner. I did. And not being devoid of male vanity I was flattered by little evidences that she liked me. In short we were having a pleasant, mild flirtation. Not so the other pair. It was evident that they liked each other; yet they could not communicate until they had made some blunt declaration.

At the conclusion of our play someone suggested that introductions be repeated. To my amazement the brunette was "Miss" and the other was "Mrs." I simply couldn't believe it. But I made no comment, and our talk turned to books. Now it is an unfortunate fact that you can't get a great deal more out of a book than you bring to it. As I listened to the young women's comments on books it again seemed to me that the brunette was the married woman and that the one I had identified in my own mind as "the big girl" was not. The big girl spoke of just those passages in books that I should expect to interest a maid; she had apparently not noticed the humor or pathos that would impress a married man or woman.

While we were talking an elderly gentleman joined our party and said, "Bed time, young lady." The "big girl's" father. The cat was out of the bag. She confessed. Pretending to be a young matron amused her. And later I found that the "Miss" was a married woman who used the "Miss" because she was the owner of a business incorporated under her maiden name. She told me that it had taken her about ten seconds to see that I was married.

Men, you see, are utter failures as deceivers of women. I have heard them quote friend wife while in the midst of a flirtation; and I have heard them absent-mindedly tell friend wife all about Lorelei. Sometimes they were actually stupid enough to finish the performance by winking at me, as if their clumsily guarded remarks were unintelligible to their wives.

So I'd like to watch some bright lad while he deceives a woman. Mind you, I don't assert that it can't be done. But I have never seen it done and I never expect to. Whenever I hear a woman say: "I didn't know he was married" I call for time out and indulge in a long, loud guffaw.

Hetty Green—Witch of Wall Street

Condensed from The Mentor (February, '30)

John T. Flynn

In Brief: An article in our February issue described the early life of Hetty Robinson up to the time of her marriage to the millionaire clubman, Edward H. Green. The Greens made their home at first in London where, after the birth of a son and a daughter, Hetty Green began to devote herself to increasing her already vast wealth. She soon became a power in London financial circles, but her parsimony increased with her wealth. When, through the failure of a brokerage house, her husband became suddenly bankrupt, she refused to aid him and he became penniless. Soon afterward the Greens returned to New York, where they lived apart. At one time her young son's leg became injured; she refused to pay for medical attention in time, and the lower leg had to be amputated. In the years that followed she engaged in a long series of legal battles over matters small and great, and increased her wealth enormously.

PICTURE a cheap little flat in Hoboken. A soiled card on the door bears the name of C. Dewey. That stands for Cupid Dewey, which is the name of Hetty Green's little dog. For this flat is the home of the world's richest woman. Living in Hoboken is cheap, and she escapes New York taxes. That name on the door is an illustration of Hetty Green's sardonic humor and her terror lest she be murdered for her money. She foolishly imagines she is hidden away in this remote tenement. But everyone knows where she lives.

As she goes to the ferry each day she is indescribably shabby. Her old clothes hang about her as if they were wet. Her office is a bare room in the Chemical National Bank Building in New York. Over her desk flow millions of dollars every week. The most imposing and stately gentlemen in America — men who live in mansions and sail the seas in yachts — all owe money to the old woman whose only yacht is the Hoboken ferry.

The meanest forms of economy permeated all departments of this woman's life. She ate in cheap restaurants, and was known as the woman who never tipped. Once she was in Philadelphia and had to get to New York before the Stock Exchange closed. It was necessary to have a special train. The railroad authorities quoted her the regular price for a locomotive and one car. The price staggered her.

"Take the car off the train

and $5 off the price and I'll ride the locomotive," she bargained. And this was done.

At Bellows Falls, her husband's native village where she owned a house, she wanted to buy a horse. The owner asked $200 for it. He refused to lower his price. She went to a person who had been a lifelong enemy of the horse owner. She got all the particulars of his life, went back to him and shocked him by revealing what she knew of his past. She offered him $60 and he took it.

Edward H. Green, her husband, is now a penniless old gentleman of 75. She allows him to live in a secluded apartment in the Cumberland Hotel. He is a man of leisure living on a pension from his wife. But his wife keeps him under a most rigid surveillance, allowing him few visitors. He never attempts to recoup his lost wealth.

Meanwhile Mrs. Green's fortune is rising. Her business is making dollars into more dollars. She was not a builder or producer. Her business was to take toll from those who needed her money. Most of the great millionaires of this country have been primarily creators of wealth — Rockefeller worked with oil, Carnegie with steel, Ford with automobiles. Hetty Green never created a dollar. Her investments were made largely in government bonds and real estate mortgages. She made huge speculative profits in Wall Street. Once she decided to make a personal tour of inspection of all her real estate investments and it required two years of constant traveling all over the country to visit them all. Around 1900 her total wealth was not less than $60,000,000. By the time she died it had certainly doubled.

And now on the door of the Hoboken flat there are two names, C. Dewey and E. Green. This last is none other than the expansive and genial clubman and former millionaire, Edward H. Green. He is now past 78, ill, feeble, weary. At last he has been brought down to the dingy level of his wife. He is too old and broken to go on alone. So now he occupies the little flat above his wife's.

It is difficult to say precisely what were the feelings of this self-willed woman toward this fallen man. His loss of a whole million dollars must have tormented her soul. But yet there are evidences that she felt a glow of affection for him. As his illness increased she moved with him to his old home in Bellows Falls and tried to carry on her vast enterprises from there. In 1902, a year of extraordinary prosperity in which Edward Green's indomitable wife labored day and night with her far-flung interests, he died, utterly broken in spirit.

The son and daughter of this strange couple, Edward and Sylvia, had both remained single. Sylvia was 38 and still unwed. In 1909, however, Mr. Mathew Astor Wilks, a grandson of John Jacob Astor, approached Mrs. Green and asked for the hand of her daughter, Sylvia, to whom he had been paying court for ten years. Mrs. Green's answer to him was characteristic:

"You are 65 years old, Mr. Wilks," she said, "and you have got the gout, if you'll excuse my plain language. I think Sylvia ought to marry a younger man. To speak plainly, I'd like an heir to my estate."

Nevertheless she relented when she found the young turtledoves quite determined. At their wedding Mrs. Green put aside her shabby old clothes, perhaps for the first time in 30 years. She appeared in a black silk dress with a hat beaming with red flowers and an ostrich plume. And she gleamed in diamonds. Always she owned diamonds. She bought them like stocks, to hold till someone wanted them at an advanced price. Now they came in handy for the wedding.

Mr. Wilks died three years ago at the age of 83. Mrs. Wilks still lives in a handsome apartment on Fifth Avenue.

By the time the great War broke, Mrs. Green's health began to fail. She was then 80 years of age, and she still held the threads of her business in her own strong hands. Nevertheless, she needed help, and she summoned her son back to New York. He had many interests of his own by this time. He was a bachelor of wealth and culture who made his home in Texas.

Hetty Green still continued to be the directing genius of her affairs. In 1915, when the war excitement stimulated business here, she loaned millions on call at 12 percent. She worked ceaselessly. And then, in April, 1916, she was felled in her Hoboken flat by a paralytic stroke. Nevertheless she rallied rapidly, and refused to allow any extravagances. To provide her with two nurses her son had to introduce them into the household under the guise of seamstresses.

Toward the end of June, when her condition seemed greatly improved, a second stroke laid her low. In spite of this her unconquerable spirit flared up anew on Sunday. But she knew that death stood at her elbow. And she was quite unperturbed. On Monday morning the iron engine of her heart was stilled, and Hetty Green, rid of her millions, her mortgages, her old black dress, had gone to some other world.

Her death was the signal for one of the most extraordinary

(Continued on page *1097*)

Robots of Language

Condensed from The Yale Review

Henry Bellamann
Novelist and poet

THOSE who saw or read Capek's sinister play "R. U. R." will recall the robots, those artificial beings who were created in the infernal laboratories of the R. U. R. Company. Robots looked like people but were not. They were nerveless, bloodless, soulless machines of many types but of single and terrifying efficiency.

A shadow of that play swept my mind recently on a train journey from Philadelphia to New York. Mile after mile, the eye-catching signboards of commerce flashed strange words at the travellers. These words had all the features of living members of language, but affected one with the same half-puzzling, half-embarrassing unease that seized people on their first meeting with the robots, for they were the manufactured words of trade — the names moulded in the pickling vat of the publicity writer, each designed to carry a special message with an exclusive efficiency. These words are the robots of language. Mile after mile, they went flowing by, making themselves into a stream of strange language that moved to the mechanical rhythm of the wheels. Then it was that fancy hinted a quaint presentiment of a fate threatening living language not unlike the terrifying finale of humanity in Capek's "R. U. R."

Real language is alive, as the human race is alive; and its features are marked with the complexities of many blended currents. In it are the distilled experiences of the centuries. Its nerves and tissues quiver with sensitive adaptations to all the delicate necessities of its office — the breathing expression of the multiple shadings of thought.

Apparently the speed of modern life has exacted the impossible of the language that lives. As the machine replaces the effort of sinew and muscle, so these verbal fabrications take up the atrocious burden of contemporary advertising. They flick out from the signboards with the violence of shell fire: Sheltex, Delco, Lux, Crisco, Flex-tex, Mazda, Keds, Gyplak, Socony, Jap-a-lac. They are the robots of language. These monsters have been compounded in the laboratories to exert a force and endure a strain not possible for the elastic structure and shrinking texture of words possessed of living nerves. Tanlac,

Sanco, Arrowtex, Mazola, Havoline, Rexall, Muresco, Tepeco: they drive upon the attention with the relentless brutality of an array of howitzers. The infantry and artillery of advertising are robots, and the grammar governing this organization is misbegotten of an unholy union of headline and telegram.

Like Capek's robots, they are of varied types. Some are so like their real prototypes as to pass almost unnoticed. With lifelike features, wordlike sound, and actual linguistic functions, they assume the very manner of words, and are most deceptive: Carbona, Valspar, Felstone, Rubifoam. Others are ghastly with the deformity of well-known syllables (Trublpruf, Dubl-duti), as though some sort of diabolical surgery had neatly joined an odd assortment of mutilated fragments.

In Capek's play purchasers of large quantities of laboring robots knew them only by numbers. It was impossible otherwise to distinguish one from another. Uniformity in machines is amazing and leads to confusion. Hence locomotive engineers name their engines, laborers paint their wheelbarrows in individual colors, and field hands dub their hoes and shovels with affectionate cognomens. It would seem that economic confusion would result from words as like to one another as hoes and spades: Usco, Ansco, Apco, Nacto, Elco, Nesco, Crisco, Dresco.

The robots are not to be confused with those new-born descendants of respectable Greek and Roman ancestors such as telegraph, telegram, telephone, cablegram, and maybe dictaphone. The last one is disconcertingly like a robot with a growing nervous system that promises life of its own. But watch out for Sonoraphone, Protectograph, Protectometer, and the creakingly mechanical Heatrola. They are the true robots, as are the twinlike pair, Kernerator and Kelvinator, which have already achieved procreation in Kelvinative and Kerneration.

But even among robots there is aristocracy. Some of the robot words achieve a kind of distinction and verisimilitude that prophesies a swift metamorphosis into the ranks of the living: Tarvia, Evinrude, Pyralin, Pianola, Ampico. Acquavelva and Valeteria achieve a beauty of their own as do Truscon, Verticolor, Zupon, and Muresco.

If the sustained figure of the robots did not serve so well, I might use the analogy of jazz. It is probable that slang is the jazz of language — a sort of sinister-barred product carelessly spawned by tongues of loose morals. Some of it, by virtue of natural talents, becomes respectable and finally enters society

even as rhapsodies in blue, pink, and green are sometimes met with in Carnegie Hall. But the snap and crackle, the *coggy* sound of many of these robot words with their insistence on a few clear vocables framed in the buzz of "z's" and the rattle of "x's," does sound jazzy. (The word "jazz" itself was a robot, but it has been galvanized into a byword.) Related to them are: Kleenex, Ozite, Aerolux, Uniflex, Mazola, Flextex, Fixit, and Laminex!

I have only admiration for a few of these artifacts of language, ferret-like and deft, that slip into meanings with an extraordinary clearness, such as Daylo, and Keytainer.

In certain divisions of our modern activity there has grown up a special language the words of which are not derived from living roots, but fabricated out and out — short, swift, stabbing syllables of amazing ugliness. If you wish to see how great the number of these words is, glance at the shelves of your nearest drug store.

Anyone who loves language and who is able to trace an honored and honorable ancestry in its features must delight in seeing language grow. Growth is legitimate and admirable. But the invasion of the clacking robot words and their disconcerting habit of taking up the functions of word life is a bit horrible to contemplate.

Hetty Green — Witch of Wall Street

(Continued from page 1094)

spectacles ever witnessed in a probate court. It will be recalled that Mrs. Green had inherited from her aunt Sylvia Ann Howland a trust fund of a million dollars which, after Hetty Green's death, was to be divided "among the lineal descendants of my grandfather, Gideon Howland." In 1916 Gideon Howland had been dead nearly a century, and his descendants had been multiplying with extraordinary rapidity. Now the earth seemed to open and cast up Howlands. Mr. William M. Emery has written a book about these heirs and this famous will. In 1918 he found 1478 direct descendants of Gideon Howland. The lawyers set up a genealogical bureau, and finally divided the estate among 438 rightful claimants. Some got minute fractions. One heir, for instance, got one seventh of one thirty-second of one forty-fifth of the estate.

What's To Be Done with the Movies?

Condensed from The Christian Century (January–February, '30)

Fred Eastman

The author writes at the request of the Christian Century after a five-year study of the Movies

THE movies today embody an ominous power — a stupendous force for the moulding of ideals, directed by a few men for purposes of private gain. Few persons are wholly blind to the sinister effects of bad movies on our children, our national culture, and our hopes for international understanding and friendship.

The voluminous and authoritative testimony dealing with the subject runs all the way from the published reports of crime commissions and educational surveys through to the actions of certain foreign governments in combating and boycotting harmful American films. But for any observant movie-goer this evidence is superfluous — it is necessary only to see the pictures themselves to recognize that crime and sex films constitute the bulk of the movie output.

Eight years ago an aroused element of the public became so insistent in its demands for better pictures that the movie producers saw the shadow of censorship and appointed the Honorable Will Hays, lawyer, politician and Presbyterian elder, as the "czar" of the industry. Mr. Hays promised to clean up the industry from within. Everywhere men and women looked upon him as the apostle of better movies. How well has he done his work?

From an inspection of the movies themselves it appears that they have hardly lessened their devotion to blood and thunder, gun-play, lasciviousness, sentimentality, and inanity. But Mr. Hays has made speeches dripping with piety. He has welcomed delegations demanding better movies, has seen to it that their criticisms were aired without publicity, and has accepted the appointment of a woman who is to act as the representative of the "organized womanhood of America." (Her powers, of course, are purely advisory.) He has seen to it that newspapers got news with the "right slant." He has staved off censorship. He has, in fact, put up a false front behind which the movie magnates have gone on making money out of muck.

While we have been lulled to sleep under Mr. Hays' assurances, four great corporations (Fox films, Warner brothers, Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky, and Radio-Keith-Orpheum) have gained control of this giant industry. A

handful of men now have the power to say not only what goes into pictures, but what pictures we shall and shall not see in our local picture houses. These men, then, *have become our censors.* For this is the very essence of censorship — to control without our consent what we shall see or not see.

I, for one, distrust all censorships. They are dangerous even when established by the state to protect its people against pollution. But a censorship established by a ruthless handful of men for their own profit is intolerable. It must be broken.

The present monopoly has been established by means of three pernicious systems: First, by buying up great strings of local theaters. Second, the system of block booking by which the local theater manager must buy his pictures — the bad along with the good — in blocks of as many as 60 or 80, without the privilege of choosing what he wants in an open market, or of rejecting more than ten percent of the pictures he receives. Third, the system of blind booking, by which the exhibitor has to book his pictures before they are produced, without a chance to know whether or not they are suitable for his clientele.

Break these systems and it will then be possible for the local exhibitor to buy in an open market the pictures his clientele demands. The Brookhart bill, now before the Senate, seeks to do precisely this thing. This is the first step.

Next, I favor making motion pictures a public utility and establishing a federal motion-picture commission. If telephones and railroads are public utilities under federal supervision, how much more important it is that the movies should be. A federal motion picture commission could bring to the producers the voice of the people in suggesting the kind of pictures needed, and it could act before the expense of filming is incurred. The argument of producers that people are voting daily at the box office for the pictures they want is stupid. Millions of people no longer attend the movies. Their votes are not registered. Moreover, the box office does not discriminate between the patron who likes the show and the patron who attends because he has nowhere else to go.

A bill to declare motion pictures a public utility will probably be introduced into congress this year.

Third, we should empower the state department to preview pictures to be shipped abroad and to prevent the shipment of an American film which misrepresents American life or undermines the good will of foreign nations toward each other or to-

ward America. The state department now exercises such control over private financial loans to foreign countries. Movies are at least as likely as loans to get us into trouble.

Fourth, reform the advertising. In no other business is there more stupidity and misrepresentation. Your local exhibitor is responsible for at least a part of his advertising. But it is the movie ad writers who give him ideas. Here, for instance, are suggestions from the 1929 "Film Year Book."

> Bath Scene. — Use on a sex picture, preferably one that shows a bath scene. Place a screen at the side of lobby with head and shoulders of the female showing above. Across her shoulders is shown a bath towel. A silk stocking hangs over the screen.
>
> Silk Chemise. — Use on feature showing a boudoir scene. A week in advance of showing display a silk chemise in lobby without any mention of what it is all about. Patrons surmise that some one lost it. A few days before the opening a card is hung alongside, announcing that it is similar to the one worn by the star in the coming attraction.

Tell your local exhibitor what you think of such advertising. Often good pictures are utterly misrepresented by dirty advertising. A recent picture starring Will Rogers entitled, "They Had to See Paris" was advertised by a picture of Mr. Rogers looking down on an almost naked woman. Because I felt confident that Mr. Rogers wouldn't appear in a dirty picture I marched my family in to see it, and found it a clean, shrewd picture, full of homely humor. Does your theater manager think your attention cannot be caught by any words except "thrill" and "sex"? Tell him you know others — that you would like to see the words "humor" and "courage" and "charm" used where they apply. It will be no small service to clean up your local movie advertising.

Finally, help your children select the shows they see. If you cannot be sure of the quality of the program, stay away. Boycott the picture houses until the producers have learned to respect your intelligence and your regard for your children's characters. The failure of parents here is amazing. Many of them do not know the sort of stuff that is being shown. They take infinite pains over their children's meals, but are blind to what feeds their minds.

These suggestions, or something like them, will have to be carried out if we are to break the present monopoly and release the artists of the movies from their commercial dictators, our children's minds from social sewage, and our foreign neighbors from false ideas about American life.

On The Working Habits of Authors

Condensed from The Bookman (February, '30)

Dale Warren

PICTURE a man and a woman sitting in wicker basket-chairs in a pleasant garden. The man wears white flannels and has the air of one comfortably settled for an afternoon siesta. The woman has a notebook in her lap.

The woman is Winifred Tolton, and the man is E. Phillips Oppenheim. The scene is somewhere on the Riviera and the occupation in which these two are indulging requires but a slight effort of the imagination. For those who know Mr. Oppenheim have heard him describe his unique method of work, and readers of his novel, *The Mystery Road*, may remember its dedication: "To Winifred Tolton, the most wonderful secretary and dearest friend of my life."

Contrast this picture with the traditional conception of "an author at work." Where is the rickety typewriter and the graying dawn? Where are the piles of discarded manuscript and the nervous fingers that tear the hair? Where the pot of black coffee, the thesaurus and the bottle of synthetic gin? There sits Mr. Oppenheim, corpulent and prosperous, dictating three novels a year. He spends his mornings golfing, and works between the hours of four and seven in the evening.

While Oppenheim is on the golf course, John Galsworthy is doing his best work, maintaining that his imagination is most alert in the morning. Then between tea and dinner, while Oppenheim is dictating, Galsworthy rigorously revises what he has written before lunch. Revision is a long and careful matter to the creator of the Forsytes. He works in every place and in every weather — in his study, on the train, and best of all in the sun. After dinner he never works, for fear it will rob him of well-earned sleep.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick does not care for sport. Neither does she dine out with the frequency of Galsworthy. Yet she is sorely beset by temptation. Birds are her hobby. When she is seated at her table before a large open window she gazes for long moments, when she should be working, at the birds disporting themselves in her rose garden. And then, says the author of *Dark Hester*, *Tante* and *The Little French Girl*, "why not look about and listen for an hour or two? If we are rewarded only

by the bubbling song of a chaffinch or the sight of a wren, slipping in and out of the hawthorne hedge, we shall have gathered a fresher sense of the value of peace and solitude."

Some authors abhor the typewriter, declaring that the click of the keys can be heard in the style of all who use it. But Edgar Wallace has long since graduated from the ranks of typewriter users. He has discovered the efficacy of the dictaphone and through this agency is said to be able to acquit himself of 16,000 words a day.

The question of how or where a person shall write seems to lend itself to an amazing variety of answers. Think of the blind Milton dictating to his daughters. Think of Emily Dickinson and her little slips of paper. Think of Proust writing in bed in a cork-lined room in Paris. Think of Amy Lowell writing all night in Brookline with only an open fire, a cat and a box of cigars for company. Think of Trader Horn telling his story to Ethelreda Lewis in South Africa.

Struthers and Katherine Burt have each a separate study in their house in Southern Pines, and the home of the Hamilton Gibbses must be fitted up with two writing rooms. Louis Bromfield writes in Paris or on the Riviera, and Scott Fitzgerald wherever he is at the time. Tarkington writes in a bathrobe. Julia Peterkin goes day after day to a cabin on her plantation in South Carolina and finds that ideas flow most freely when it is too hot to breathe. Demetra Vaka thinks out all her plots lying flat on her back on a couch in a shaded room.

Warwick Deeping shares with Anne Douglas Sedgwick an interest in nature, and lives in a historic English house, the gardens of which were originally built for Mrs. Siddons. Absolute quiet is his chief requirement for writing.

If photographs tell the true story, Viña Delmar writes with a child on her lap, and someone else (I can't think who) with a parrot on his shoulder. Rosita Forbes and Elinor Mordaunt, if my memory is correct, write in Arabian deserts, in Oriental Bazaars and now and then on camel-back. Morris Gordin, the one-time Communist, wrote a book on cigarette papers and smuggled it out of Russia in his shoes.

Martha Ostenso does no writing until the afternoon; her housework keeps her busy in the morning. *Wild Geese* was begun during an illness in the course of which she thought some form of occupational therapy was necessary. The story itself was written in six weeks, but it had been growing in her mind for four years. "After I got up," she says, "I rented a typewriter for a month and rewrote the manuscript. I

had to do it in one month because I could not afford to keep the typewriter any longer."

Sophia Cleugh once told me that her idea of heaven would be to go to prison with a typewriter and several reams of paper. Certainly an advanced case of *scribendi cacoethes* and what a far cry from Norman Douglas, who writes only as a last resort, with great reluctance, groaning and protesting! Possibly the happy medium is struck by Fannie Hurst, who laments: "I'm not happy when I'm writing, but I'm more unhappy when I'm not."

Writing now and then takes the form of a seasonal occupation, just like haying or delivering ice. Hugh Walpole never writes at all during the London season, firmly believing in one thing at a time. John Erskine and other professors quite naturally look to the summer months as a gift from the gods.

"If there is anyone alive who actually likes to write short stories," affirms Wilbur Daniel Steele, "either he's a queer one or else they aren't very good stories. There is a time when a tale is a fine and beautiful creature, a masterpiece without a flaw, a drama calculated to move one beyond any drama yet written by man; and that is just before you sit down to write it."

Fannie Hurst writes six hours a day, and accomplishes the bulk of her day's work in the last hour. It takes her from one and a half to two years to write a novel and from six to eight weeks to complete a short story. Regardless of the night before, her morning begins about 7:30. A walk in Central Park with her dogs. Breakfast. Letters. Reluctance to unhood her veteran typewriter. A session with her cook. Finally, the round, black hour of nine; with slow and dragging feet she goes to her task.

The insatiable curiosity of the public is nowhere more evident than where authors are involved. Let a man, or a woman, publish a novel and he must be prepared to state how long it took him to finish it, describe his writing accessories, confess his literary sins and paint an accurate picture of himself in the throes of literary composition. The public must be told, as Archibald MacLeish bewails, that W. B. Yeats shaves in camel's milk, if indeed that happens to be the case. There is no escaping the rapid fire of questions. But it pays to be quick on the answering trigger, and my vote for the prize goes to Stephen Vincent Benét, who was recently greeted by a ship reporter just as he was docking from Europe. Asked the reporter: "Well, Mr. Benét, how did it feel to write *John Brown's Body?*" Answered Mr. Benét: "Just about like giving birth to a grand piano."

New York May Not Be America But—

Condensed from Redbook Magazine (March, '30)

Heywood Broun
Columnist and dramatic critic

NOT so long ago friends said to me: "You're getting in a rut. Why don't you travel? See something of America. Get rid of the notion that west of the Hudson lies a jungle." I took their advice. In order to break the journey, I induced a man to give me lecture dates. A lecturer, you know, hears far more than he gives out. When I met the ladies of the Book Circle, or went to view the new athletic club, I kept my mouth closed and my ears open.

And what did my hosts in various cities talk about? When they spoke of plays it was to discuss Eugene O'Neill; when they talked about music they mentioned what was happening at the Metropolitan Opera House. Even in political discussion these kind hosts seemed more curious about the fate of Jimmy Walker than about their own town politics. I am aware that with true tact these people undertook to keep the conversation within the borders where they felt I would be at home, but beyond the mere matter of courtesy I believe that in books and plays and stocks and bonds New York sets the fashion for the entire country.

In religion, however, the small community is still inclined to retain autonomy. Church attendance is much more regular in rural communities than in New York. This is not wholly the result of fervor. To a great extent the rural church is a meeting-house. It serves a social function which is impossible in larger places where the parishioners are not all first-name acquaintances. Yet it must be admitted that the temper of the preaching varies a good deal from that of the pastors of New York or Chicago or Philadelphia. The stronghold of Fundamentalism still lies beyond the city gates.

The right of any kind of heretical or minority opinion is much more readily granted by city folk than villagers. Not necessarily because the townsman is more tolerant. He may suffer to persist beliefs which he would abominate, merely because he is not aware of their existence. Every small locality possesses its village atheist, and such a person is made to feel the weight of communal disfavor. We city cliff-dwellers do not interfere with each other, largely because we have no contacts. I never

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meet my next door neighbor, and unless he makes bombs just behind the dividing wall which marks my bedroom, I do not care how radical his religious or political beliefs may be.

The city's growing power of leadership is by no means an unmixed blessing. In the dramatic field, for instance, creative energy is crippled by the fact that Americans are so exceedingly metropolitan-minded. Not every playwright is a resident of New York, but if a man in Minnesota has a play accepted for Broadway production, you will find him from that time forth living within taxicab distance of the manager's office. The first play may represent close observation of something seen along a small-town Main Street, but after that the expatriate will confine himself to drama dealing with life in the big city. For this reason American playwrights are an inbred crew and live like washerwomen by taking in each other's emotional laundry. Our theater has brief roots into the soil. American drama is by and for New Yorkers.

There is hope that this condition may be rectified. The popularity of talking pictures has dealt a death-blow to traveling theatrical companies. Accordingly, towns must provide their own legitimate dramatic attractions or do without. The resident stock company idea is being revived in many places, and these will give local playwrights a chance to deal with local material.

Even in the field of fiction there is a strong tendency for the successful author to gravitate to the center of the publishing field. And generally I have some misgiving as to the future career of the farm-life writer after he has settled down in a penthouse apartment. His cowboy hero, from that time, will begin to seem a little like the man who chaperons the sheep in Central Park.

And speaking of cowboys, I am reminded of an incident which may serve to show that clothes are no longer a local issue. We have no such things as native costumes except for Indians employed by circuses. Not so many years ago Mr. Ziegfeld heard, through reporters who went to cover the Dempsey-Gibbons prize fight at Shelby, Montana, of a clever girl singing in a tent-show there. He engaged her for his current Follies. Mr. Ziegfeld is a shrewd showman and he proved it by sending a courier to board the train on which she was arriving in New York. The courier found that the girl was dressed like millions of other young women. He handed her a package of purchases from a Broadway shop which specializes in masquerade costumes. . . . So she

arrived at Grand Central Station wearing a red shirt, chaps, spurs, high boots and a sombrero. It would have broken the great heart of New York to know that girls in Shelby, Montana, dress as they do in Manhattan.

It may be said that some of the similarities dealt with here are superficial. There was a time when the rural American was a grower of things, and the urban citizen a maker or trader. This distinction is passing rapidly. Once large-scale agriculture sets in, the farmer becomes essentially a captain of industry.

Science has even doomed the dialects of America. In another hundred years there will be no Southern drawl, and even on the East Side a bird will be just that and not a "boid." The talkies will give us a common speech. This is not guesswork. See how the silent screen standardized us visually. Mary Pickford had but to wear her hair in a certain way, and millions of young girls followed suit. Real cowboys copied the styles of the imitation ones on the screen.

But the effect went even deeper. Since most young women were in a dim and distant way in love with John Gilbert, their suitors tried to copy his mannerisms. Nobody could propose without having in his subconscious mind some recollection of the manner in which it had been done by some hero of the screen. I feel certain that in thousands of actual emotional crises the stricken individual cried out and used a caption which he had seen upon the screen. If so many millions tried to look like the stars of filmland, it seems inevitable that we will want to talk like them too. Very soon there will be a moving-picture accent. I'm not saying that it will be admirable, but it will be uniform.

No considerable gap exists, any longer, between urban and rural thinking. A radio program which goes well in Harlem is equally effective in Akron. The film sensation of New York is next week's knockout in Davenport. We laugh at the same comic strips, thrill to the same inspirational articles in the magazines. We wear the same clothes, drive identical cars and eat the same sort of canned soup.

The machine has brought us all together. When our Constitution was framed we had a stage-coach nation. The gap between election day and the President's accession to office was established largely to give him time to make the journey to Washington. Now, with the railroad train and the airplane, there can be no hinterland. Distance has died. We are physically close now — all of us. And when we rub shoulders, it is inevitable that we should also rub minds.

Glamour and the Theater

Condensed from The Century Quarterly (Winter, '30)

Jane Cowl

Noted actress; star in many modern and Shakespearean plays

IF any reader cherishes the memory of one single night of stirring beauty in the theater, I ask him, as he reads these pages, to try to recapture the magic of that memorable hour. Such experiences are rare. They are rarer than they should be, and rarer than they need be.

A renaissance of the glory of the theater is possible, but it can only be accomplished by the actor's passionate evocation of glamour and its equally passionate reception by the spectator. And these things conflict with the modern trend toward mechanism and speed. Self-exploitation, carelessness, thoughtlessness and flippancy are in the ascendance.

Wherein lies the remedy?

Beauty in the theater today has lost its way in a world of shallow impertinences, of greed and sophistication. It is helpless in the struggle with those bored and indifferent ones who go to the theater not to find enchantment, but to pass a casual evening until the night clubs are in full swing. These people seem to fear to relax their mental attitude of irony and sophistication. They seem to be ashamed of feeling any answering glow to the call of beauty. They seek to forget themselves in the realm of the violent and the vulgar. Their one ambition, it would appear, is to be wise-cracked into coma.

A play can live only when there has been established between the actors and the audience a bond of sympathy and friendship. It cannot live before an audience of those self-appointed critics who pride themselves on always knowing what is wrong with the best of plays. The rebirth of magic cannot take place before audiences who pride themselves on their sophistication — that sophistication which seems to connote, more than ever, hardness, arrogance and a deliberate crushing out of the sensitivity that man has tried for centuries to develop in the name of civilization. What has become of understanding, knowledge, tolerance, and an appreciation rather than a denial of the spirit?

The public of today subsidizes its operas and its symphony orchestras through subscription and through money gifts. It goes to hear them with an eagerness of anticipation that opens minds and hearts in cleansing release through the communion of music, and gives to the makers of that

music security of understanding by the audience.

It is this silent antiphony between actor and audience that in the theater has been destroyed and must be recaptured. Theater and show business have become confused. Not until they have been disentangled and each established with its clearly defined audiences and its properly equipped actors, can this recapture be accomplished. There is a place for both, just as there is a place for the talking picture — which will in the end, I think, compete more with the show business than with the theater.

Let us examine the development of a better and more sympathetic theater and see how it may be brought about. The theater I have in mind will take its place with symphony orchestras, with fine museums and with rich libraries. It will not offer to the public the barren fare of a "long-run hit" or a "short-run flop." It will offer a repertory of plays that are not worn to shreds in a continuous long run lasting until the ultimate penny has been extracted from the public, but that are recurrent because those plays are the best of their genre, because the actors that play them have found their deepest subtleties and projected them with their greatest skill to a friendly audience that wants and understands them.

Do not misunderstand. New plays will come — and new playwrights. Not those who write with one eye on the balance-sheet and the other on the police station, wondering if this or that scene will shock the public into buying tickets and yet miss the danger-line of a closure by the police — there will be, I hope, no place for them. But for new plays that attain the standard set by those of proved worth, there will be every chance.

Let us go behind the curtain. We will find a permanent company. Only people who are thoroughly accustomed to each other, and each other's ways, can achieve the subtler nuances of acting that are necessary to well-rounded performances. One cannot expect even the best actors to develop their best work in the ordinary four weeks' rehearsal that are accorded by the present system. Strangers to each other, they are obliged to fling themselves into situations that demand the closest of mutual understanding; and if the results are sometimes inept, who can blame them. The miracle is that they accomplish what they do.

Only with some sort of guaranteed support is repertory possible at the outset. But suppose we grant such support, grant that the plays presented are the finest, grant that the actors are giving themselves heart and soul to the

project — we must yet find the audience without which all this is incomplete.

The public should understand that *there is no theater, there is no acting*, without the spiritual accord which brings the silent bond between audience and player into being. Can the people of today be taught what their fathers understood so well, that only those uncertain of themselves habitually sneer — that the spirit of friendship is the opening of one's self to the thrilling discovery of the overtones of other human beings — and that in the theater, or in life, no one can give of his best without the secure knowledge of that warm and steadying welcome?

There *are* those who care for the theater. There are those who are staying away from it just now because when they go to it they come away unsatisfied. They should rather come forth and help those of us who are in the theater to rebuild.

They must make others about them realize that the most important things in our lives are those things that we do at night when our work is done, that our pleasures make us what we are. As dusk comes down, the lights in the theaters begin to shine; some of them illumine shoddy tricks, some of them proclaim ephemeral "wows," yet there are others that, given half a chance, might point the way to something that would last.

Yet when night comes, thousands of voices ask: "Where is the loudest jazz? What shall we do till the crowd's all there? They say the second act's a shocker — let's drop into the show for that."

Silly nights that lead into unbeautiful tomorrows. What will happen when this whoopee mood becomes an inescapable habit?

Beauty does not die except for lack of love.

Will the reader summon his utmost capacity to share in magic, foster his own half-understood need for participation in glamour; give to those of us who are the servants of the public one-half the concentration, the courtesy, the kindliness that he shows to the friend who stops to speak to him in his day's journey? If he will give us half the desire to be pleased that the actors have to please him the result will be a miracle; glamour will live again and its exponents will reap a reward far in excess of the present returns on their labors — labors performed now with pain and difficulty because of this insensate and critical and carping modern trend.

"Cash and Carry" Life Insurance

Condensed from The Nation (February 5, '30)

Edwin S. Smith

LIFE insurance in America has passed the hundred-billion mark. This event is receiving the applause which Americans are always ready to give to evidences of giantism. That it is an achievement and a milestone on the road to economic security, no one would deny, but let us at the same time not forget that commercial life insurance has still a few blots on its escutcheon.

One of these blots is the present status of industrial or weekly-payment insurance. This instalment insurance is the only form of insurance protection which our working people, generally speaking, enjoy. It is an extremely cumbersome and expensive device for both the companies and the insured. The number of lapses on policies is terrific. In 1928 it amounted to the equivalent of 60 percent of the number of policies written that year. Nor does the insured who allows his policy to lapse get any return for what he has expended unless he has paid premiums for at least three years.

In 1908 the status of industrial insurance was even less promising. In that year the Massachusetts Legislature passed a law permitting savings banks to write life-insurance policies and old-age annuities. This plan originated with Louis D. Brandeis, then a practicing lawyer in Boston, who had undergone a baptism of fire on the subject of insurance in the investigation of certain scandalous practices of life-insurance companies, practices now happily abandoned. Since the enormous expense of weekly-payment insurance lies in the cost of soliciting and of collections, Massachusetts provided that no agents should be employed by the banks. If a man wanted insurance, he had to come of his own free will to the savings bank to get it. In other words, this was insurance on the "cash-and-carry" principle.

The results of the system in Massachusetts may be briefly told. On September 30, 1929, more than 80,000 policies were in force, totaling $67,000,000. Thanks in large part to the elimination of soliciting by agents, any insurable person who is a resident of Massachusetts can get straight life insurance through a savings bank at a rate about 26 percent cheaper than the rate charged by

commercial companies for ordinary life policies, and at half the cost of "weekly-payment" insurance. There is no elaborate paraphernalia of collection, yet the number of savings-bank insurance policies allowed to lapse amounts to less than 1 percent of those written! Truly a remarkable figure when placed against the lapse rate of commercial companies. The answer is simple. The insurance costs less, there is a surrender value on every policy after premiums have been paid for six months, and the insured are those who want insurance protection enough to seek it. The over-zealous agent who sweeps the workingman or girl into an insurance policy which he or she cannot afford to carry is happily not in the savings-bank insurance picture.

Not the least interesting feature of savings-bank insurance to the workingman is the reasonable rate at which he can purchase an old-age annuity. The increasing tendency of industry to slough off its older workers in favor of young blood makes the problem of annuities increasingly important. A typical annuity arrangement under savings-bank insurance is as follows:

Beginning at age 30, a man deposits $10.70 a month and continues this deposit until he reaches age 65, at which time he ceases to make deposits. The banks then begin to pay him an annuity of $1000 a year, this payment to continue as long as he shall live. It will be observed that during the 35 years his total deposits have aggregated $4494. It is estimated that he will have received dividends back amounting to about $630, so that his life income of $1000 a year has cost him net only about $3864.

For years the growth of savings-bank insurance as measured by the number of banks operating insurance departments was slow but of late the movement has gained impressive momentum.

The probable reason why the banks are becoming more enthusiastic about insurance is an interesting footnote to economic history. Economic systems, like other things, progress by accident as well as design. The last few years have given the trustees of savings banks some cause for worry. Deposits have been growing slowly. Increased spending by workers and the lure of the speculative market are perhaps the causes. During the nine months ending July 31, 1929, the percentage of withdrawals of deposits in the 196 Massachusetts savings banks was very much larger than for the year ended October 31, 1928. And in that year only 32.4 percent of deposits made in the bank stayed there and were available for investment. On looking up the record of the banks which have operated insurance departments, they find life-insurance money tells a very different story.

The insurance department of the North End Savings Bank re-

ceived during three years premiums amounting to $166,867. At the end of the third year, with all expenses paid, all death claims settled, and a substantial sum set aside for dividends to policyholders, it held in the insurance reserve and surplus $139,704. In other words, it retained in its possession for the purpose of investment a sum equal to 83.7 percent of the premiums received during the entire period. Similar figures for the Lynn Institute for Savings after six years writing of life insurance show a total of premiums paid in of $584,154. The insurance reserve and surplus at the end of six years was $410,219 or 70.2 percent of the premiums paid in. Savings banks enjoy a vastly greater stability from their funds received through insurance writing than from deposits.

As yet the dollars-and-cents accomplishments of savings-bank insurance need cause the commercial companies no great alarm. In 1928 the amount of savings-bank insurance written in Massachusetts was 1.56 percent of the total amount written in the State in that year. Of the total premiums paid for insurance by Massachusetts people in 1928 the insurance departments of the savings banks received 1.27 percent. A system which can write ordinary life insurance 26 percent more cheaply is competition worth thinking about. Even if the companies themselves were inclined to discount the importance of savings-bank insurance, the insurance agents are unlikely to do so. Life insurance agents constitute a powerful economic group quite capable of making itself politically effective. Opponents of savings-bank insurance introduced a bill in the legislature during 1929 providing that the total amount of such insurance which an individual could carry should be $5000. The bill was defeated, but it took work to do it.

The roster of savings-bank trusteeships always embraces important men in the community. Among their number are directors of insurance companies and also of commercial banks, between which and insurance companies there is, for various reasons, bound to be a friendly feeling. How far this influence will tend to slow up the growth of savings-bank insurance is hard to say. There is certainly encouragement in the fact that the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank, which has a board of trustees particularly well endowed with bank and insurance company directors, has entered the ranks.

Modestly but effectively, savings-bank insurance goes marching on. It is not in the least daunted because commercial life insurance is entering upon its second hundred billion.

Some Fish Climb Trees

Condensed from McCall's Magazine (March, '30)

Dr. Raymond Ditmars

Fellow of the New York Zoölogical Society and author of many books on natural history

DID you ever hear of a fish that climbs trees? Or a frog so big that it can swallow a rat? A snake that flies? An ant that runs a dairy? An animal that always walks upside down? All these animals exist.

There are several species of fish capable of climbing out of water. One of these, the gurnard, is found in the fresh waters of the East Indies. It has three finger-like projections in the front of its breast fins by which it is able to drag its body along. The movement of the fins is alternate, giving the fish a steady gait like that of an old man determined not to let age conquer him.

These climbing fish don't hesitate to come right out of the water and prowl around the branches of trees which dip down from the banks. In this fashion they can cross from one pond or river to another.

Most people picture a small fish as a helpless creature. But I think the 18-inch piranha of the Amazon would make a wildcat seem tame by comparison. There are many tragic cases of cattle wading into the river during hot weather only to be disemboweled by the bloodthirsty piranha. I know of a lady who thoughtlessly trailed her hand in the water while being paddled by a native who should have warned her of the danger. Suddenly she felt a terrible blow and, jerking her hand up, was horrified to see a piranha dangling from it. The next instant the fish dropped off carrying with it two joints of the lady's middle finger!

The huge frog I have referred to is found in the Cameroons, West Africa. Some specimens attain a weight of over five pounds and, when stewed native style, make a meal for the whole family.

Flying snakes are found on some islands of Malaysia. They are about two feet long, and live by hunting lizards in the tops of large trees. Nature has taught this snake to take a short cut between treetops. First he flattens his cylindrical body against a branch. He does this by rolling forward his hundred-odd slender, circular ribs. In a few seconds he looks as if he had been run over by a steam roller! Then he gently slides off.

In effect, he doesn't fly but glides. He sails through the air like a toy airplane. To an observer from the ground it looks as

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if an extremely elongated, sword-like leaf had broken off and slithered down almost parallel to the ground. His aim is good. He does not collide with useless branches. Many yards away he checks his speed by curving up the front end of his body, much as an air pilot uses his elevators. With a soft thud he lands on a solid branch and by a short climb can attain his original elevation.

Ants have long been known as among the most highly organized animals so far as their communal life is concerned. Many people think of their activities as caused by blind instinct. But in some ways ants show strange intelligence. For instance, there are types of delicate plant lice known as aphids. These lice secrete a fluid that is as healthful and appetizing to an ant as cow's milk is to you or me. Now if ants were only savage creatures blindly seeking food they would certainly kill all aphids that crossed their path and, having drunk their fill, pass on. But not so. Ants herd aphids just as men herd cows; collect them on green branches where the aphids can "chew their cud," so to speak, in shady repose. When these branchy pastures become poor feeding grounds the ants transfer their charges to other branches with softer stems.

The animal that always walks upside down is the sloth, a small, hairy denizen of tropical America. All his locomotion is in a hanging position, *head-down* on a branch! But since he is almost the stupidest animal the Creator has ever made he doesn't seem to care.

A sloth's courtship has its difficulties. His caress looks like the slow motion picture of a man reaching for a glass of water. While his round, dull, staring eyes gaze off into space, his three-clawed paw drifts slowly out in the direction of his love. The lady is just as dumb as her beau. Thought of his romantic aspirations may finally penetrate her flabby brain; but thought of food comes first. Just as the affectionate paw starts toward her she concludes she'd better move along the branch toward some food. A minute passes as she takes a single step by shifting grips. But when the slow caress reaches its goal, she is gone. The male sloth stares, unblinking and unsurprised, despite his failure. Perhaps he wonders what he had meant to do in the first place. Then he, too, moves slowly on, hand-over-hand, toward the nearest food.

The old tradition that there is a "hoop-snake," a snake that takes its tail in its mouth and rolls down hill, has been pretty well exploded. There is no serpent that has even similar habits. Snakes walk on their ribs, so to speak; but they use their scales to

gain a "foothold" as they wriggle along. The wriggles are always in a lateral plane, and never vertical, as shown in some illustrations. How important the scales are may be judged from the fact that the average snake is helpless when placed on a flat pane of glass.

A considerable part of my time at the New York Zoölogical Park is taken up in answering strange queries that come to me from the public. "How does an elephant sleep?" is a favorite question.

Khartum, our big African elephant, sleeps standing up. In the 20 years we have had him neither I nor our night watchmen have ever seen him lie down.

There seems to be a deep-seated belief that animals are long-range weather prophets; that, for instance, they anticipate cold by thickening their fur, storing extra food, digging deep burrows and so on.

Year after year I have patiently watched for evidence that would bear out such a belief, but I have never found any. True, the coats of fur-bearing animals do vary in thickness, and other animals gather more food for certain winters. But both the protective coats and the defensive toil seem to be influenced far more by the season through which the animal is passing than by anything that is to come.

One widespread tradition is that if the woodchuck or ground hog sees his shadow on February 2nd he retires for another six weeks of winter. The ground hog is the husky eastern relative of the prairie dog. In the fall he eats till he is bursting fat. Then he descends into his burrow, rolls up in a ball and falls into a deep sleep. If he is dug out in winter he may be rolled around like a ball and cannot be awakened unless warmed up. By the same token, a warm sun in late winter may cause him to rouse out and wander a bit.

Despite the facts in the case, every spring our ground hogs at the Park are overworked by "still" and movie photographers. I explain in advance that our ground hogs are awake all winter because they live in sheltered quarters; but it makes no difference. The Hero of Ground-hog Day appears in the press and on the screen year after year.

Finally, let me put in a word for "pets." No mechanical toy will ever bring out a child's character the way a small rabbit, cat, dog, turtle, duck, chicken or other pet will. And wonderful things can be done with pets. Remember that the exquisite goldfish is only a carp which the Chinese, by Burbankian methods, turned into household decoration.

Flying Without Motors

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (March, '30)

Edwin W. Teale

MORE than a thousand Americans are flying without motors. Thirty-two gliding clubs, scattered from coast to coast, are in operation and 50 more are being formed. A dozen companies are turning out motorless craft for sale. The California factory where *The Spirit of St. Louis*, Lindbergh's famous plane, was built has just been taken over by a concern which plans to turn out soaring planes in mass production. In several parts of the country, schools are teaching the fine points of riding the air currents. Gliding — older than the airplane — has come into its own.

In Germany, for instance, where gliding had its start, 200,000 people, ranging from school children to middle-aged business men, have joined gliding clubs. At an international motorless plane meet in the Rhoen Mountains last year, 105 competitors spiraled and swooped like birds. In fact, so birdlike are these silent, wide-winged, soaring ships that when Peter Hesselbach, two years ago, circled over the headland and sea at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, for more than four hours, a dozen gulls came in from the ocean and fell in behind, fearlessly following the strange machine.

The value of gliding as a training for powered flights is fully recognized. German transport lines require glider licenses of their pilots. In America, the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service, operating schools all over the country, plans to build gliders and to instruct students in their use. Famous pilots, as well as beginners, are enthusiastic over the sport. Charles A. Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Frank M. Hawkes, and "Eddie" Stinson are among the many noted flyers who have recently climbed into the air on motorless planes.

A beginner on a glider is not disturbed by the speed, roar, vibration, and fumes of a motor. There is no throttle to regulate. He can concentrate upon maintaining balance, getting "the feel of the air." Boys, too young to learn to fly, can take up gliding as a link between models and powered planes. They can get into the air cheaply and safely. Properly conducted, gliding entails a minimum of risk. There is no fuel tank and consequently no fire hazard in a rough landing. Instead of making contact with the ground

at express-train speed, as in an airplane, a glider drifts to a landing against the wind at a few miles an hour. Early flights in primary gliders are made only ten or twelve feet from the ground.

Last summer, 800 flights were made at Cape Cod and not a student was hurt. In one week at the University of Michigan 125 people safely hopped off on a long hillside, and seven of the pilots were girls. One German glider has carried 5000 people aloft without an accident.

To understand the fascination of literally riding on the wings of the wind, consider the thrills in a single soaring adventure of the German pilot, Wolfram Hirth. Lifted from a mountain side by an updraft, he soared into a low cloud bank. For minutes he flew, silent as a ghost, through enveloping mist. Then, losing altitude, he drifted down out of the clouds above a mountain meadow. Boys, herding cows, ran to see him land. But just as the tail skid was swishing through the long grass, an unexpected upcurrent carried him 100 feet in the air, and enabled him to glide over the hills to the valley beyond. For more than half an hour he soared about over forests, villages, and rivers. Passing over the resort town of Kissingen, he played "air ghost," shouting "Hello there!" to people standing on a railway platform. Beyond the town he almost came to earth again in a mountain saddle, but another gust carried him above it, and he finally came down in the next valley.

By similarly jockeying motorless ships to take advantage of rising air currents, an American pilot, W. H. Bolus, a few weeks ago, soared over Point Loma, California, for an American duration record of five hours and 27 minutes, and a German soaring ace, Hermann Dinort, swung back and forth above the sand dunes on the Baltic seacoast for 14 hours and 44 minutes, setting a world record. During this long motorless flight, Dinort weathered a 50-mile gale and flew most of the time through darkness.

How is it possible for a machine weighing several hundred pounds to hang in the sky from morning till night without using a motor? Two factors enter into an explanation of this seeming miracle.

In the first place, soaring planes are perfectly streamlined. They are built of the lightest material, so that the loading per square foot of wing surface is low. Consequently, many soaring machines advance 20 feet for every one they descend. The second factor is found in rising air currents. When a wind strikes the side of a range of hills, for example, it is deflected up and forms a rising current. In such a column of rising air, the soaring plane gains altitude, being carried up-

ward faster than it descends. The pilot guides it from one rising current to another, the height lost in gliding between air columns being regained in passing through them. For soaring, hills and preferably ridges facing prevailing winds are required.

How slight an upcurrent will sometimes keep a light soaring ship in the air was demonstrated recently when an expert pilot had great difficulty in landing on a large field because the heat currents rising from the ground caused the soarer to float nearly the entire length of the field at an altitude of only a few feet. As a rule, however, glider pilots can set their ships down on a mark with great precision.

Between soaring and gliding there is a sharp distinction. In soaring, the machine rises on upward currents higher than its starting point. In gliding, it descends from a higher to a lower place, "sliding downhill" on the air a few feet above the ground much as a sled coasts over the snow.

The first step in learning to soar is simple gliding. A dozen men, running into the wind at the ends of a long rubber cable while others hold back the machine, launch the glider. When the cable is stretched the men at the tail of the glider let go. Advanced pilots often go aloft towed by automobiles or airplanes, cutting loose when sufficient altitude has been gained.

A hop of 30 seconds straight down a hillside earns for the pilot a third-class glider pilot's license. A one-minute hop with a complete right, left, or "S" turn entitles the pilot to a second-class license. A soaring flight of five minutes above the starting point gives him a coveted first-class license.

The cost of motorless planes ranges from about $435 for primary training gliders to several thousand dollars for delicate, record-breaking soaring ships. In this country the usual plan seems to be to organize a club and buy a primary machine. One member is then chosen to go to a glider school for expert instruction and on his return he teaches the others.

There are 300,000 members in the Airplane Model League of America. It is estimated that within the next few years half of this number will "graduate" into glider flying. The coming months will be the busiest in glider history, and new American records will be the aim of hundreds who will take to the air in motorless ships of the sky.

A House Built Like a Tree

Condensed from Nation's Business (February, '30)

F. S. Tisdale

WHEN our cave-dwelling ancestors wandered from their lairs and began building houses, they were true to tradition and built stone caves. And even now all our ideas of building are straight-jacketed by tradition that runs back to the troglodytes. We still live in caves piled one upon the other. Moreover, the benefits of mass production have not yet been applied to house building.

A young Chicagoan has meditated upon these things and invented a house which he hopes will answer the need. He is Buckminster Fuller and he has christened his idea the Dymaxion house — a compound to express such ideas as "dynamic design" and "maximum area." Architects and builders all over the country are fascinated by his suggestions and by his model.

To arrive at his conclusions he had to think his way through the accumulated brick and mortar of the ages; to discard every preconceived and accepted conviction of what a house ought to look like.

The Dymaxion house has five rooms. It looks like a glassed-in, six-sided pavilion built for a country where snakes are plentiful. The floor is nine feet above ground. The space beneath is entirely free. Instead of resting on a foundation, this house hangs from a central mast.

"Trees and men," says Mr. Fuller, "have a strong trunk to which their limbs are attached. That is correct construction. I adopt that principle for my house."

The suspended structure is held firmly in place by piano wire stretched from the tip of the central mast to the ground. The mast is made of hollow duralumin tubes. This construction leaves the entire roof of the structure free as it does the ground space. The upper deck will be devoted to rest and play; the lower for the storage of the automobile or — in the future — the family monoplane. Above the roof playground is a bright duralumin canopy, which provides shade but throws off the heat of the sun.

The rectangle is imperfect for engineering purposes. Its sides fight and strain at each other. The triangle, on the other hand, is scientifically right. Each side acts as a brace for the other.

The Dymaxion house is a glorification of the triangle. That units may be interchangeable, the house is a collection of equilateral triangles.

Thus the outer walls are to be triangular panes of casein or some such tough, transparent material. Each pane contains a vacuum which keeps out heat, cold, or noise. These panes are kept in place by hollow gaskets of flexible material, *inflated* to seal the panes against air. The transparent walls, fortunately, will be well provided with shades.

The center mast of the Dymaxion house is its spinal column. It carries all arteries of communication and supply — carries them in a frank accessible manner so that they may be examined at all times. Each house is meant to be independent of municipal water supply, power lines, sewers and city taxation. You pick out any site for your house. Then you sink an artesian well. Also a septic tank where all waste will be chemically destroyed. Over this the central mast is erected.

The house has its own power plant which pumps water, generates electricity and supplies air compression. A Diesel motor placed inside the mast — near the top! — will give life to the house. It will also run the elevator. To guarantee against falling, the elevator works up and down on a worm gear — like the jaws of a monkey wrench. The house has no stairs. If the power should temporarily fail, the elevator may be operated by hand — with less energy than would be required to walk upstairs.

More mechanical thrills await you inside. The floors will be of two layers of fabric — again inflated. When you doubt whether air can make a floor firm enough to prevent walking from becoming mushy, Mr. Fuller points to automobile tires inflated until you can hardly dent them. It will be perfectly safe for baby to fall on Dymaxion floors. He may bounce, but he will never break.

Another duty of the floor inflation is to meet the wall line and create a perfectly tight joint. Where the inner dividing walls meet the outer, acute angles are formed. This space which might have been wasted is used for communicating doors. Prepare for another shock: The doors are of balloon silk. To close one you merely press a button. An inrush of air fills the door and it closes tightly.

Walls are to be of the most suitable material. The bathroom and its fixtures is cast in one-piece casein. Floors, walls, wash basin, tub — all will be moulded at a single operation and hung to the mast where water inlets and outlets have been prepared. The beds, couches and as much other

furniture as possible also will be poured as part of the walls. Upholstery will be of inflated material. Electric lights do all the heating. An even temperature is maintained regardless of blazing sun or numbing blizzard. You can't raise a window in this structure. Air enters through the top of the mast. It is washed clean of dirt and germs, heated and then allowed to circulate through the rooms.

"This house," Mr. Fuller declares, "is a machine to be lived in. It is more easily understood when explained that way."

The advantages he claims for the Dymaxion residence are important enough to alter the course of the human race. He estimates that a crew of men could put together one of these structures in 24 hours, anywhere. Mechanically the houses would be complete. The motor which provides current and raises the elevator also does the cooking and washes the dishes. The plan includes an automatic laundry machine in which you place single garments and get them back dried and cleaned in a few seconds.

But what if Junior drives a nail through the floor causing a blow-out? What if the elevator sticks? Here is the answer: "This house is a service proposition like an automobile. It would be serviced every so often. If anything went wrong meantime an expert would come on a hurry call to repair the damage."

The inventor promises many other boons:

The house would be proof against earthquake, flood, fire or hurricane.

No burglar can get into the Dymaxion house since it is sealed when the elevator is up.

The house would cost little. Mr. Fuller hopes to sell it by the pound. It is said that if Henry Ford had built one car of his new model it would have cost $43,000,000. Reproductions of the first unit sell for $500, or about 22 cents a pound. Mr. Fuller estimates the weight of his house at 6000 pounds. He thinks it ought to retail for no more than 50 cents a pound, or $3000 complete.

Many stories could be hung from one mast at small additional cost.

Perhaps people would not want such rigid standardization. Perhaps men and women would rebel against living in triangular rooms. At any rate, here is Mr. Fuller's entertaining and revolutionary idea. A full-sized model is being planned for the forthcoming Chicago World's Fair.

Apple Pie

Condensed from Fortune (March, '30)

ON a buttress of white tile stands a battery of nickeled cylinders with neat glass gauges where the coffee bobs. Above, a steel rack spiders down the wall. On the rack are rows of circles, full moon faces. Each disk weighs a rough three pounds and can be divided with a knife into six approximate triangles. Each triangle will emit a faint warm smell of cinnamon and nutmeg. Subdivided with a four-pronged fork, and tasted, the mouth remembers apples. Cheese consorts with it. Coffee leaves it sweet.

From New York to Laredo or Cody there is no change in the flavor. Why should it alter? Pie's pie. Millions are eaten. More than 75,000,000 in a year. Nearly a thousand acres of brown pie. Some ten thousand miles of pie on racks. Tons on tons. There is no need for testimonials: "The Duchess of X—— eats apple pie." Chicago endorses pies with $35,000,000 each year. One Chicago bakery turns out 90,000 pies nightly. The Census Bureau picks a figure — $59,811,168 — this means pies produced annually by bakers alone. Of all desserts eaten, perhaps two thirds are pies. Of all pies, two fifths are apple.

We see no advertisements for pies. Anonymously as the rains from heaven they fall and are devoured. Bread has become a thousand things but bread — "Dainty-maid," "Tasty." Hams are "Premium," "Smokehouse," "Acorn," "Star." Flour has its more usual synonyms. But pie stays pie.

It would be agreeable to believe that the whole thing were miraculous, that pies scaled down out of heaven, a tastier manna for a no-less chosen race. Unhappily it is not so. Anonymous and secret though it be, there is an Industry of Pie. Between the precarious forkfuls on the well-aimed forks and the just ripe Winesaps on the Virginian trees, there stand invested dollars. Men do work. Machines with jerkily revolving metal platforms sprout up pale mushrooms of dough, two inches to the jerk, behead them, bunt them off, each lump a pie crust, accurate to the ounce. A boy like a machine, the movement of his head against the movement of his hands in one-four time, his left leg solid, takes the dough lump, knuckles it in flour, flips it to a tin. Eight times in 20 seconds. A small intelligent mechanism like a cleverer ape peels apples. Ladles of syrupy fruit sauce spill

above the open dish. The air warms with cinnamon. The doughy veil draws over. Mechanical hands trim, shove, load, twist. An endless chain runs to a revolving table. The revolving table spins to a moving floor. The floor marches through a 50-foot long oven. The gas flames sizzle. The pies turn golden, bubble up, take shape. Far down the blistering corridor a narrow slot of daylight grows and grows. A man leans forward, peering at the dark, shoots a long paddle sidewise, catches three disks together on the clever blade, swings to the pie tray, dips them, slides them off. The trays go down the incline to the street. The yellow trucks receive them, grind away. A warm new smell of pastry rises with the coffee fumes. The cafeterias refill.

Twenty-five million dollars' worth of pie per year is Industry. Two and a half million bushels of apples, 8000 tons of shortening, 16,000 tons of flour, 20,000 tons of sugar, 78 tons of cinnamon and nutmeg: all these are Industry. Add the incalculable pyramids of homemade pies (much more than the baker's total) and the gastric imagination gives way under it like an over-loaded floor. But no one knows who makes the baker's pies he eats. Here is a major industry completely overshadowed by its product.

The truth is that the pie is mightier than its stove. Pie is what it is in our cafeteriated time — first, because it is good; and, second, because it, chiefly of all the traditional dishes, has accepted the machine. Build an enormous central bakery in Kansas City, ship its output to the coasts, and all pie-eating humanity will consume the same sound pie, which, if less tempting than the best of human cookery, will be always severely better than the worst.

Archaeologists have a way of guessing at civilizations by the look of their kitchen middens. When our civilization goes down, some digger of mouldy mains may write:

"It would appear that men of those centuries were rationed by the machines with a kind of circular biscuit filled with jelly (chemical traces of which have been discovered 40 feet below the present level of the lake at the ancient site of Ch'kawgo) made from a remote ancestor of our melapple. This they ate in structures dedicated to the purpose, the ruins of which, as exposed by Dlf and Bzgm, show a rudimentary ingenuity in the machines which constructed them."

We Have with Us

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (January 4, '30)

John Erskine

Educator; lecturer; musician; author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Gallahad," "Adam and Eve," etc.

WE have been taught to poke a little fun at the American lecture audience. Their motives are undoubtedly mixed. Some of them attend merely to look at a person they've heard about. Others wish to keep up with the times. These two groups are found in every country, and I can't see anything ridiculous in the fact that they possess the average human impulses. What is remarkable is that so many do join literary clubs and lecture series at a great personal sacrifice. A lecturer accustomed to large cities is astonished to find that a good proportion of the audiences in less populous districts are men and women who have traveled 40, 60, or 100 miles to hear an hour's talk.

The foreign lecturer at times is amused at these immense gatherings who have listened to him patiently and courteously; he implies that they are easily humbugged, entertained with drivel. They often do hear drivel, but I doubt if they are deceived by it. They know that the people who are accomplishing the greatest things in the world are for the most part too busy to talk about them. Their credulity seems proved by the fact that they are polite; it is not our habit to heckle the speaker, and whatever we think of him we give him a round of applause for having presumably done his best. A lecturer who thinks he is instructing an audience is a fool. He is really offering himself for examination.

Recent books have taught us to think of the Middle West as a drab and uninteresting region, and to locate Main Street in our small towns. No doubt Main Street can be found anywhere, but the small towns of the Northwest and South have their eye on their future and are far more eager, it would seem, to outgrow small limitations than are the satirists who write about them.

I still take with me the Northerners' legend that the South is a leisurely place, but I must testify that the image of efficiency always recalls to me a certain very small Southern town. At the train I was received by a committee holding in their hands a time card for every minute until I should leave for my next engage-

ment. Somewhere in the middle of the afternoon there was an aching void of a quarter of an hour. A cheerful aviator, fearing I might be neglected, offered to use that space to take me up and show me the town from the air.

If you wish to, no doubt you can find traces of the frontier. In one Southwestern town I met a handsome and sedate young man, gentle of speech and manner, who was receiving, I noticed, much sympathy from his townsmen. My host explained that Bill had gone through a great sorrow. I inquired about his bereavement, and learned that Bill had had the grievous misfortune to shoot a man some weeks before. Apparently this other man had offended in some rather small point of honor. "Awfully hard on Bill," said my host. "Had to go through the trial and all that — very sad."

"Would you mind telling me on what grounds Bill was acquitted?" I asked.

For the first time my host seemed to suspect some humor in the situation. "Well," he said, "we all believed that someone should have shot that fellow anyway. I believe there was some technicality, but I am not a lawyer."

From the lecture platform, however, these purple patches are not visible. The people before you, East or West, give an impression of essential agreement, in contrast to our preconception of sectional America.

The world over, you could match the most bizarre instances of the closed mind. If you select choice specimens and gather them together as Mr. Mencken does delightfully in his monthly "Americana," the resulting impression is that we are burdened in the United States with a large and thoroughly organized endowment of idiocy. In actual life, however, these cases are isolated on the fringe of our normal brains. With us, as with any other civilization, they add humorous charm to life, and when seen in their place, make human nature not less lovable for being occasionally funny.

I keep as a trophy of my tour the memory of a college president, in spite of this story an admirable man, who wished me to address the young ladies of his institution. Then, by accident, he saw an old magazine containing an installment of my novel, Adam and Eve. Though inclined to fundamentalism, he apparently had never got from the Bible the fact which the illustrations made clear, that Adam and Eve wore no clothes. Fearing, I suppose, that I wore none either, he canceled the engagement.

To offset the occasional eccentricity of the elders, the lecturer takes from a long tour an unfor-

gettable impression of the younger generation. Everywhere they seem healthy and sane, sound of heart and alert in mind. The engagements on my trip which were best managed were, many of them, in the hands of college students. I regret to say for my own sex that the management was inexpressibly superior in the hands of the girls, who seemed to have mastered the arts of diplomacy and social grace as well as of administration.

The uniformity of dress, and other kinds of uniformity that one meets all over the country often suggest to the visitor from abroad that America is becoming standardized. To me the suggestion seems absurd. I get the impression of standardization rather in Europe, in the rigorous etiquette, the classification of ideas, the disposition of all ranks of society to continue a tradition and run true to type. Certainly our women dress in the prevailing fashion, but that fact hardly hinders individuality.

A point of great interest to me was the fact that Americans in all sections seem to be developing a curious double life, maintaining a set of supposed standards which have less and less relation to their conduct. We have all met this fact in the matter of prohibition, but I could not help being surprised at one charming Southern gentleman who at the very moment he was pouring out refreshments argued that prohibition was sound and had come to stay. One half his mind admired the theory and the other half seemed to guide him through a practice absolutely contradictory. This double set of ethics can be illustrated in other fields quite as important. The average American still wants certain old-fashioned and conventional things said about the home; he wants books which represent husbands and wives as they should be. In actual life, however, he is astoundingly at ease with conduct not at all Victorian. His actual ideas about sex, his tolerance for the conduct of others, even when his own behavior is conventional, would lead you to think he had sat at the feet of Havelock Ellis.

He is equally correct according to the tradition where the Church is concerned, whatever church he was brought up in. But his actual beliefs in religion come out casually in conversation. They usually contradict absolutely his professed theology.

What is important here, I think, is that the American is so much at ease with his inconsistency. If in the future he ever becomes thoroughly aware of his conduct and its implications, he will be startled, I should think, to see how far more adventurous he has been than he ever knew.

A Super-Kindergarten for College Men

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (February 23, '30)

Max McConn
Dean of Lehigh University

THE word collegiate has in recent years undergone an interesting change of meaning. Some of us can remember when it still suggested books and studies, a serene and cloistered life. What are its connotations today? Rather, I fear, coon-skin coats and hip flasks, ukuleles and high-powered cars, pep meets and cheer leaders.

The public finds these modern accessories of the higher learning picturesque and amusing, but on sober second thought it draws conclusions about our present-day colleges and college students which are distinctly damaging. Are such conclusions justified with respect to our present students in general? The answer to this question is flatly, no.

The rah-rah boys compose a minority only. The greater number of the young men and women now in college are serious, hard-working students, whom it is really slanderous to call "collegiate" in the new meaning of that word.

These serious students may be divided into two groups. A few — ranging from 5 to 25 percent depending on the college — are seeking education for its own sake, what used to be called "culture." They are really in quest of an appreciation of the truth and beauty and meaning of life. A much larger number are animated by a purpose less exalted, though still admirable — a bread-and-butter purpose. Their object is to prepare themselves to earn a good living, and as a rule they work very hard indeed.

But what is the purpose of the rah-rah boys? What motive has inspired them to undergo the torture of college board examinations? And why do their parents send them? Do the latter seriously desire that their sons should devote four expensive years to fraternities and football?

But first, who are the rah-rah boys? Well, the fact is, they are nearly all very nice boys, and come from well-to-do families. They are generally in fine health, and are well dressed and well mannered. And they are by no means lazy. They simply are not *bookish*. They learn quickly enough from seeing things or doing things or even from talking with people, but the process of sitting down with a book — which is after all a highly artificial and, biologically considered,

unnatural method of learning — does not appeal to them. Many of them have never (in their own expressive phrase) "cracked a book" in their whole lives except under some measure of compulsion. They prefer any form of sport or social intercourse, or even any form of active work or business. In which preference they exactly resemble the great majority of their disapproving elders who compose our adult society.

But the college job is essentially a bookish job, simply because there is a vast body of ideas which cannot well be passed from man to man in ordinary talk, ideas which require for their communication the special skill of masters of words who have set them down in books.

Surely, though, both the boys and their parents have discovered, by the time the former are 18 or 19, that they have no special hankering after book learning, no irresistible itch for studies. Yes, certainly, they both realize that. But what else is there for the boy to do? Take a job when all the rest of his set are going off to college? That simply isn't being done. It might, in fact, be taken to imply that Dad could not afford to send him. It is social conformity, in short, that sends these boys to college.

Once there they have a good time. They are immediately recognized as promising candidates for numerous exciting "activities" — athletic, musical, theatric, journalistic, managerial, or merely social — into which they commonly plunge with admirable industry, persistence, initiative and ingenuity.

All these "activities" involve running around and doing things, attending to this and that, seeing people, "selling" ideas and projects, putting things across — just the kind of thing for which these boys are qualified and which they will be doing all their lives. Exercising themselves strenuously in these functions, under the fierce competition of fraternities and classes, they develop remarkable skill in management, conference, "selling" and "leadership" — aptitudes, it will be noted, which are in large demand in American business and social life.

So far I have been showing the bright side of the shield. Unfortunately there is another side. These youths find themselves continually nagged and prodded by teachers and deans who do not understand them or their real needs, but assume that because they are called students they should study. Thus they are driven to waste many shining hours sitting in lectures, even peering in books, to the neglect of their "activities."

But if these non-intellectuals suffer from having bookish cul-

tivation forced upon them, those students in college who are intellectuals suffer even more from the influence of the non-intellectual group. The doers' "activities" are so immediately exciting and yield so much prominence on the campus that many who are capable of real intellectual attainments are seduced into them and miss the whole-hearted devotion to the things of the mind which they might have developed. But, worse than this, is the degradation of teaching standards.

Almost every teacher tries, and should try, to gear his presentation of a subject to the average intelligence of his whole class. As a result, in our colleges today is a sort of half-way standard, still too severe for a great many of the doers, but nevertheless so low that really capable minds lose interest and come to feel contempt for the work that is offered them — and have a right to such sentiments, because they are, in fact, being defrauded.

The obvious answer is: segregate the two groups. Let us have a real college, in the old-fashioned sense, a place primarily for studies, for the intellectually gifted. And then, since the non-intellectuals are inevitably coming to college, too, in these days as a result of social pressures, let us have a separate institution all for them.

I like to call this college for the doers a super-kindergarten. The kindergarten proper is a place where very young, not yet arrived at the state of using books, are taught by means of "occupations." Exactly similar training at a higher level is needed by our doers of 18 or 19. They will never reach the stage of using books in the way needed for high cultural or professional attainments, but their valuable practical capacities for business and social life can be splendidly developed.

With this group taken care of, the intellectually gifted students left behind in the real college could receive cultural and professional training which none of them would despise. The lockstep could be abandoned. Daily recitations, weekly quizzes, monthly grades, and "cut" systems — devices of the lower schools, unknown in institutions of higher learning anywhere else in the world, but imported into our colleges in order to compel the super-kindergarteners to go through the motions of learning — could be discarded. Professors could become teachers instead of policemen. Best of all, perhaps, deans might become obsolete. We could depend for motivation upon intellectual curiosity, the thrill of discovery, the ardor of professional enthusiasm, and the competition of keen minds with keen minds.

Music and Work

Special compilation for The Reader's Digest

"Give me, oh give me, the man who sings at his work. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer." — Carlyle.

WE are all playing the pipes of Pan nowadays. The time was, not so very long ago, when music was one of the ornamental arts and was practiced largely by women. But the day of the family orchestra is upon us. Everybody from father to eight-year-old Johnnie plays his instrument. We dance to music, eat to music, work to music. We gather for a game of bridge, or, more rarely, for an evening of conversation, and someone turns on the radio in the next room. Playgrounds are being equipped with musical facilities, and the trees of parks are in some instances being fitted with loud speakers. Every little village has its band, possibly an orchestra or choral society. Glee clubs are to be found in the high schools as well as the colleges. Recently an enterprising taxi-driver in Paris installed a radio in his cab in order to soothe restless fares during traffic jams.

There is, it seems, a definite movement to make America musical in the best sense. Last winter, it is estimated, 8,000,000 people listened to the Saturday evening concerts by Walter Damrosch beside the two to three million children to whom he spoke on Friday mornings. Martinelli, Louise Homer, Gigli, Rosa Ponselle, Mary Lewis, and many others of national and international reputation are being heard over the radio by thousands who never would have had other opportunity. Mengelberg and Ernest Schelling are playing to great audiences. Edward Goosens is reaching 25,000 children with his specially-designed concerts. Toy symphonies are growing up everywhere. All the smaller cities are developing their own opera companies. We no longer talk only of symphonies in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Mineapolis, but take pride in similar organizations in Cleveland, Rochester, Baltimore, Portland and other cities. Parents are installing radios and victrolas in their nurseries and giving thought to the choice of music that their children may grow up familiar with and liking the best. In another generation we may have become as musical a people as the Germans.

Along with this development of music as a cultural force there is another group that is aiming to

put music to work. Many of us have found that we can work better, — provided that we are not as sometimes put off our game altogether, — to an accompaniment of stirring music. This is especially true if our tasks demand concentration. The fact has been recognized through the ages. For centuries, possibly from the time of the Pharaohs, the "chadouf" or bucket song has been sung along the banks of the Nile as the Egyptian laborers bring up the river water to the fields. Three notes only there are, repeated and repeated, a ceaseless rhythm. The Chinese all sing at their work, the barbers, the rickshaw coolies, even the beggars. The story is told of the burning of a Chinese dormitory. The fire carts were brought up and a group of coolies put at the pumps. Then the improvised song began, of fire-devils and their struggle against water. The leader sang a stanza, and the coolies waited. But at the refrain they all joined in, and simultaneously began to pump. And so they worked and waited and worked again, and the water spurted to the tempo of the song. From immemorial days the smith has beat a tune on his anvil. The servant who sang at his work was once popular in England. The town crier had his measured melody; and the people sang their wares along the streets. So the sailors, and the stevedores have had their chanteys, timed to their work, giving them an emotional outlet as they expended physical energy, synchronizing the expenditure of physical energy itself so as to reduce the total and to lessen fatigue. Even now in some of the cotton fields and turpentine camps or on the wharves in the South one finds the song-leader who speeds up or slows down the work by a skilful directing of the words and music of the chantey.

As long ago as 1886 the head of a Southern factory, where cigarettes were rolled by hand, took pains to place good singers in his workrooms. It was a definite effort to increase efficiency and contentment in his plant. There are today many attempts to make music serve organized industry. A dry-cleaning establishment in the West, a hat-factory in Philadelphia, a drapery workroom in Los Angeles have all discovered the value of music. One manager says that music speeds up production during the lax hours from two till five. In Detroit several firms report that music has increased their output by ten percent.

The American Steel and Wire Company, Shredded Wheat, the Corona Typewriter Company, the Westinghouse Electric, the Metropolitan Life Insurance, Studebaker and Reo motors, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Armour's

and Marshall Field's are among the several hundred American industrial organizations that encourage musical activities among their employes. "My first step," said Charles M. Schwab several years ago, "in taking over a new plant has been to improve the condition of the buildings. The second has been to organize musical interest in the plant or community." A survey recently conducted by the National Association for the Advancement of Music reports that 32 companies allow the musical activities of their employes to be conducted on company time, that 132 allow them to be conducted half on company time. One large department store gives 25 minutes of its working day to mass singing. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in 1922 established a department of industrial music. The night clerks of the Minneapolis post-office sort their mail to the accompaniment of a phonograph. Experiments prove that under the influence of the music they do more work with fewer mistakes, and go home less fatigued.

Of course, this is not a purely altruistic effort on the part of industry. It would soon enough be discontinued if it were not yielding real dividends in increased efficiency.

In 1911 during a six-day bicycle race in New York City tests were made to ascertain the exact effect of music on the speed of the racers. Forty-six miles were covered. While the band played, the average speed was 3 minutes 4 seconds per mile. As soon as the band stopped, it was 3 minutes 14 seconds per mile. The New York School of Athletics reported some time ago that since they had introduced music during instruction periods they had been turning out finished swimmers in half the time formerly required. The music decreased the fear of the beginners and regulated the speed of the strokes for more advanced pupils.

In industrial plants music lessens the turnover by increasing the happiness of the workers, creating better morale and a feeling of group loyalty. It does more, for it relaxes nerves worn by the ceaseless grind of machinery and gives minds numbed by mechanical tasks new things to think about that awaken them and restimulate ambition. Experts say that music as an accompaniment of group work not only synchronizes effort but keeps a perfect balance, — a moment of effort, a moment of rest, another moment of effort and another of rest.

Thus the employer is bending an art to serve his present needs. Even Leonardo da Vinci painted the Mona Lisa to the music of a flute.

This Ever-Changing Business World

Excerpts from The Business Week

IN one sweeping gesture the Federal Trade Commission last week freed American advertising of the heaviest burden it has had to bear in recent years. The decision is more sweeping than the daily press indicated. That is what leading advertising men think of the Commission's action in exacting from an unnamed — though not unsung — cigarette manufacturer a promise to "cease and desist" from the use of testimonials written by endorsers who had not used his products; from the use of paid testimonials of any kind unless the fact that they were paid for is published; from publication or broadcasting of statements that smoking of his cigarettes "will bring slender figures and cause a reduction of flesh in all instances."

Advertising men, as such, are paying more attention to the import of the Commission's action on the question of testimonials. They say if the decision is made to stick and is applied as a cure for the epidemic of testimonials that has broken out, not only in cigarette advertising, but also in publicity on furniture, clothing, automobiles, airplanes, etc., almost ad infinitum, it will go a long way toward restoring to its original value voluntary personal endorsement, which is the best form of advertising that the world has known ever since Eve endorsed the apple.

The Federal Trade Commission has done nothing to ban the publication of testimonials by actual users "for which money or other consideration has been given." It has simply ordered in the case in hand that "the said respondent shall publish or cause to be published, along with said advertisement, in an equally conspicuous manner, the fact that said testimonials have been paid for." They are free to make the most of this opportunity. But how effective is a testimonial, labelled "Paid?"

With thunderous whispers the Gillette Safety Razor Company is building interest in the unveiling of a new model. The selling campaign is bold to the point of audacity. The company has abandoned completely the old blade which sold by the billions. No more will be made. If other blade makers — who have caused some trouble — wish to continue production of the old model, they are welcome to do so.

In this country alone some 40,000,000 males scrape their

morning faces with Gillette razors. It will be impossible to supply immediately new razors in sufficient quantities to retire the old ones. Ill-will would result if these customers were left without supplies of blades. Therefore the new blades are designed so that they can be used in the old-style razor. But the new razor will not take the old blades. Even the cheapest model of the new razor will have the lure of gold plate. Prices for razor and blades will be the same as before.

While in form and complexion the new razor will look like the old, it is merely a family resemblance. Great changes have been made. Most benign of the improvements is an arrangement by which the razor blade can be cleaned without taking the implement apart, by running hot water through it. The new blade is rust-proof steel.

Ten million dollars will be spent in advertising the new razor; of this amount $2,500,000 will be spent outside the United States. Advertisements will appear in practically every foreign land. The one exception is Russia, famed for its whiskers. China and Japan are to be well covered. King C. Gillette, whose picture appears on the blade jackets, is now 75 years old. He has already made his face one of the three best known of all the world's inhabitants. The other two are Henry Ford and the Prince of Wales.

A few more recent industrial wonders:

Nytroglycerine is the basis of a new lubricant to grease boots and squeaky wheels; a new attachment to a washing machine makes ice cream; the American Chemical Society has produced "large and beautiful" diamonds from sugar and iron filings; and persons who peel onions are advised to wear gas masks — they prevent crying. A new typewriter prints all kinds of music, a doorbell has been invented with a penny-in-the-slot attachment, and a narrow strip of plaster material down the inside of the trouser leg makes a permanent crease.

Germany has produced paper clothing which is waterproof, washable, and holds its shape, and the same country gets electric power from mud pies. Mud on the bottom of a small Rhine tributary contains a combustible material, which is dried in small cakes and burned to run machinery which generates electric current. A non-returnable milk bottle of wood fiber has been invented, and perfume is being used to remove unpleasant odors from rubber goods and shoe polish.

"A three-dimension scientific newspaper," is soon to appear

in Chicago — Julius Rosenwald, publisher; Waldemar Kaempffert, editor. It will be one wing of the new Museum of Science and Industry to which Mr. Rosenwald has given $3,000,000 for exhibits.

While the museum proper will reveal in graphic detail the technical ascent of man through all ages, the new wing projects this progress into the present and immediate future. Working models, relief maps and other visualizations of important engineering projects, now under way or contemplated, are to be there.

There will be a model of a tunnel under the English Channel, long discussed, but not yet undertaken. A model of the proposed Nicaragua Canal will appear. Models to show how the Sahara Desert could be irrigated or how Boulder Dam will affect seven states of the Southwest are proposed. Just as the news itself changes constantly, so the three-dimension museum newspaper will keep on changing.

"Managing a museum such as ours is really an editorial job," Mr. Kaempffert comments. "A newspaper seeks circulation; a museum attendance. But the real job in either case is to win public interest."

No tricks devised by modern advertising are being overlooked. Brilliant colors, lights that flash on and off, Neon tubing, will give life to maps and models that might otherwise be uninviting. Machines are to be sliced in two and rigged up with little motors so that spectators, by pressing buttons, can start and stop them, seeing exactly how they work. Visitors will descend into a coal mine in a bucket, just as in a real mine. While the drop is only 17 feet, it is made very slowly so that the effect is as if the bucket went down 500 feet. At the bottom visitors will see a section of a real mine with full-size galleries and machines.

Mr. Rosenwald's inspiration came from the Deutches Museum in Munich, started in 1903, which today has exhibits valued at over $30,000,000, and an attendance of 1,000,000 a year in a city of 600,000 population.

Sale of men's furnishings in packages at prices advertised as special values is being tried by Browning, King & Co., chain retailers. The articles — shirts, union suits, ties, hose — are grouped three in a box and sold in the unbroken package under the name Tri-Value. The company says this plan gives the customer some of the savings of wholesale selling. Typical prices on the assortments are: Three shirts $4; three union suits $2.25; three ties $2.50; three pairs hose $1.

The Romance of Money

Condensed from World Traveler (March, '30)

Estelle H. Ries

TO imagine a world without money is difficult. Yet money is simply a man-made invention, and in the sixth or seventh century B. C. practically all trade was carried on by barter.

Trade by barter presented great complications. The first difficulty was to find two persons having just those things to dispose of that suited each other's requirements. Many people might want things, but it is a rare coincidence for people to want to exchange. A second problem was that of determining what quantity of one commodity would be the equivalent of another. If a certain quantity of beef be given for a certain quantity of corn, and the corn is exchanged for eggs, how much beef must be given for a certain number of eggs?

Barter still exists in some places. There is a story of a French singer who, in the course of a professional tour around the world, gave a concert in the Society Islands. In exchange for her recital she was to receive a third of the receipts. In due time she found herself in possession of 3 pigs, 23 turkeys, 44 chickens, 5000 cocoanuts, besides considerable quantities of bananas, lemons, and oranges. As Madame could neither sell nor consume her wealth, it became necessary to feed the pigs and poultry with the fruit, with very little net profit to herself.

The early colonists of North America regarded tobacco as legal tender, and there is an amusing story of a Connecticut tax collector who collected his taxes in peas. He was rowing his "money" down a river, when a sudden rain came up and all his money was spoiled.

In early days when much hunting was done, furs and skins were acceptable as money, and down to the time of Peter the Great, leather money circulated in Russia. American Indians used wampum, strings of shell beads, for money. In India and Africa small yellowish-white shells called "cowries" were perhaps the oldest cash in the world. The South Sea Islanders used red feathers as currency, and the Fijians used whale's teeth. In Russia and China, tea money has also been used. Made of tea and compressed into blocks, it was sometimes serrated like chocolate bars, to be broken conveniently for

change. It had the added advantage of being capable of use either for money or for a beverage. Cheese in China was also compressed into cakes and circulated as money until someone got hungry and ate it.

In the pastoral age, sheep and cattle were units of value. A man might receive a number of cows for a sword. But some cattle were lean, and others fat. Then too, it was not always convenient to take cows about on a shopping expedition!

Naturally before there could be extended commerce, some form of money had to be invented, and people began to experiment with metals. In parts of Africa, a copper cross weighing less than two pounds bought a wife, as one collector says, of indeterminate weight, height, and good looks. Iron was one of the first metals to be employed. Sparta, which liked to keep its people at home, made iron coins so large and heavy that no one could travel conveniently. Money with a hole to string it was convenient in the days before pockets. In early Egypt large rings, and thin bent strips of metal were used.

The first metals were handed about in ingots and weighed at each transaction. Old weigh houses still stand in ancient European market places. Later the money was stamped to guarantee its purity. The first recorded coins were minted about 600 B. C. by Croesus, whose name became a proverb for wealth. About the same time China began to make coins which were cast rather than minted. They took the shape of knife blades and little shovels.

The chief reason why gold and silver became the money metals is that they satisfied the craving for adornment. It was the luster and sheen of gold and silver that caused them to be prized when other ways of producing these effects were unknown. Glass beads and scarlet cloth still pass as money among some savages. In the 17th century Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for beads valued at $24.

Custom having established the use of gold and silver, utility continued it. These metals are singularly free from liability to deterioration, and they have proved to be sufficiently abundant for money use, and yet not so abundant that they have ceased to be prized.

During the Middle Ages kings often debased the coinage again and again to secure the means of carrying on war. Every debasement, as it left the coins with less pure metal, lowered their purchasing power and raised prices. Many innocent people suffered. In many countries, the feudal lords had the right to keep

a mint, and this further complicated matters.

These things made the money-changer a necessary figure. He was to be found everywhere, buying and selling the various coins in circulation. But even the money-changer was of little aid to merchants who had to make payments in a distant town, since a transportation of actual coins was illegal. The merchant would be forced to send goods which he could sell to advantage at the destination and make his payment with the proceeds.

About the year 1000, and during the Crusades, the monasteries were the real bankers of the country. Enriched by expiatory gifts, while the nobility became impoverished by distant expeditions, monasteries lent money to princes and otherwise were financial agents of the communities.

It was not until the 13th century that bills of exchange were used to any considerable extent. Then they were developed in Italy and spread from there, until now paper money circulates freely throughout the world. In Italy, also, the money-changers developed other forms of banking. As they were dealers in money, business men in want of capital naturally sought it of them. The money-changers might lend it from their own stock or act as brokers, securing the money from men who had a surplus.

The short step from this to the common form of modern banking was made when merchants deposited their surplus cash with the money-changer, and he had thus a large stock which he could lend as long as he kept enough in reserve to meet the demands of depositors. It soon became unnecessary for money to pass at all in large transactions. A man could get a loan from a bank simply by having a deposit ascribed to him on the books, and could assign this loan to others as he chose to pay it out. From that time we have known the characteristic danger of banking, the attempt to make a great deal of credit out of a little capital. The advantages of the banking system, however, have been so great that they have been expanded till now the Treasury Department is one of the most vital departments of a modern government.

The derivations of the words relating to money are interesting. "Pecuniary" takes us back to *pecus*, the word for cattle. Our word "money" is derived from the Temple of Juno Moneta — Juno the Adviser — where, on account of its secure location, the Roman mint was established. Many coins were so-called from their weight, as the English pound, French livre, Italian lira. Others were named from the head of the state, as sovereign and crown.

Daughters of the Far North

Condensed from The Country Gentleman (February, '30)

Maude Radford Warren

IN the old days it was said that no white woman could live in Canada's Far North, and that white men there had to marry Indian squaws. But some decades ago the white women elected to follow their men adventurers. When I think of those women of the Far North, enduring conditions that we of the gentler South would find overwhelming, I think of Elspeth Cragie as splendidly typical.

As a visitor to the North, I met her outside the home of her trader husband. An ash-blond young girl was beside her. I saw other ash-blond heads about, and eventually asked her how many children she had.

"Twelve, the eldest sixteen," she said, merrily.

"You must keep doctor and nurse rather busy," I commented.

"The nearest doctor is 200 miles away," she replied. "There is no nurse. Childbirth costs nothing in our household. The Catholic sister usually attends me, but the last one I delivered myself."

Not a trace either of self-pity or complacency in her voice; merely the statement of a fundamental situation sensibly met. I spoke of a friend in a New York hospital who had just had a baby at a cost of $2000.

"If I had that money," she commented, "I could get a complete education outside for one of my children."

Elspeth's home is the most attractive I saw in the North — a two-story structure, the porch screened from the terrible mosquitoes and moose-flies. There were beds of larkspur and Canterbury bells. The dining room had a linoleum rug. The living room seemed a transplanted bit of England, with its British armchairs and prints. She showed me her chicken house, rabbit hutches, dovecote and vegetable garden.

"We live well," she said. "In July we are sure of peas and lettuce, beans, carrots and beets. If we don't have unseasonable frost, we can count on potatoes and turnips. As my husband is a trader I can get oranges. We don't miss luxuries like tomatoes and apples and bananas.

"We have wild berries. When the boat is running we get beef. After freeze-up, when we depend on dog teams and airplanes, the freight is so dear that we use

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wild meat. Moose is delicious, and we have rabbits and ducks and fish."

In the home I saw no labor-saving devices; no plumbing except the kitchen pump. Winter and summer she uses wood stoves. She washes for the family of 14 on a corrugated washing board with common yellow soap. "I rather like to rub the dirt out myself," she said. "Then I can see results. I'd as soon wash as sew."

A stark program. No movies or concerts, no motoring, no fairs or granges.

"Your amusements?" I asked.

"In winter we read aloud. For several weeks we have daylight only from half-past nine till three, so there's plenty of reading time. On fine days we skate or ski, and go driving in the dog teams. It's lucky we like these sports, for our winters are long."

Long indeed. Ice is in the lakes and rivers often till June. Nothing can be planted till June, though when growth begins it is astonishingly rapid. Frost has been known to come in July, and is sure to arrive in August.

The fight of the women of the North has been terrific, but the amazing fact is that they have not made it with set teeth. They are cheerful, even gay. They see the best in one another. They are such good sports that they do not know that they are superwomen!

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THE Eighth Volume of The Reader's Digest is completed with this issue. A binder transforms your loose copies into a permanent book of reference. The binder we supply is strongly made of handsome green Fabrihide, on which "Reader's Digest" is lettered in gold. It holds six copies; opens flat; and allows any copy to be instantly removed without disturbing the others. It is supplied at $1.50 postpaid, returnable if unsatisfactory.

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THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC.

PLEASANTVILLE, NEW YORK

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

IN the flush of editorial duty, we sometimes forget that there were magazines published in this country in Colonial days, and that our idea isn't particularly new. *The New Yorker* is five years old this week; but Horace Greeley was publishing a *New Yorker* magazine in 1834 and including with each issue a sheet of music for piano or flute. Almost a hundred years before that, Andrew Bradford, in 1741, was publishing the *American Magazine*, and quarrelling with Ben Franklin, who came out three days later with his own magazine. (It wasn't the *Saturday Evening Post* either.) Magazines two hundred years ago suffered from the same troubles that now beset us: people subscribed and didn't pay; and ladies came to the office with poems that weren't very good.

One of the big difficulties, then as now, was getting contributions. Much of the material printed was not original at all — stories and essays from English magazines and books. Every editor yearned for new stuff, though, and if he had to reject anything, he often did it in print. "Myrtilla's verses have some merit, as to sentiment, but not sufficient to counterbalance their poetical defects."

Early editors also managed occasionally to have a good time out of their job, and to get into trouble. During the Revolution, when H. H. Brackenridge was publishing his *Magazine of the United States*, General Charles Lee appeared under his window with a horsewhip and demanded that he come down and take a licking for having printed a waggish article about the General's green breeches. The editor (and we feel a twinge of blood sentiment in this) stayed upstairs.

The first advertisement ever published in an American magazine appeared in Franklin's *General Magazine*. It seems to us a fine piece of writing, and we doubt if anything today is as good. Listen: "There is a FERRY kept over Potomack . . . and much the nighest Way from Annapolis to Williamsburg, where all Gentlemen may depend upon a ready Passage in a good new Boat and able Hands."

A pretty lady, bound for a matinée, hailed a taxicab in Park Avenue half a block above Seventy-second Street on Wednesday, and started downtown. All this was noted by the vigilant officer on the Seventy-second Street crossing — and more. When the cab reached his post he signalled it to the curb, strolled over, and addressed the startled passenger thus: "Listen, I couldn't help noticing ya back there, an' I thought I better ast ya — d'ya know you come out with one black shoe and one brown shoe on?"

Driving back from Philadelphia recently, a gentleman reached a point on the outskirts of that city where the route he was following seemed to lose itself among three different streets. He appealed to the traffic cop

at the intersection. To his surprise, the officer, by way of reply, bowed, and handed him a folded slip of pink paper. He unfolded it with some apprehension. It turned out, however, to be a map, neatly printed, of the route as far as the Roosevelt Boulevard, and it even had gas stations, railroad crossings, and villages marked along the way. In the lower right-hand corner was a small inscription: "Compliments of Robert Milroy, Officer No. 3547, Phila., Pa." Mr. Milroy disdained all thanks. "Had 'em printed myself," he explained, with gruff geniality; "show ya the way easier." He blushed, turned away abruptly, and blew a blast on his whistle.

A minister whose interest takes him much into Harlem says that anyone who has the idea that the inhabitants of the negro city live only on fried chicken and corn pone is wrong. The West Indian negro, for instance, will scarcely look at a chicken. What he likes are yams, yucas, papayas, and things like that. The yams come from Cuba and Jamaica, and are something like sweet potatoes, only much bigger and sweeter. Yucas look like tulip bulbs; papayas resemble a long pumpkin, have a kind of cucumberish taste, can be eaten raw, fried, or boiled. They are all imported specially for the Harlem trade. Market men go down every morning early to an East River pier, where the vegetables are unloaded and sold at auction. Sabadillas or "sugar apples" are the prime delicacy from Jamaica — gray-green in color with a kind of marshmallow inside, very nice. Trinidad negroes like the manisipod or "star apple." It looks something like three small potatoes grown together in a cluster and tastes like a fig. It is the rarest and most exotic delicacy of all; few stores carry it and only one or two restaurants serve it. As a matter of fact, the restaurants seem to be going in more and more for straight American cooking. Time was when there were Cuban, Jamaican, West Indian, and Central American restaurants, each with its native cook and special menu, but they are dying out. People who want food from back home now have to buy it at the market and cook it themselves. The old folks blame the younger generation for the change: they don't know the worth of good cooking any more, they say, and all they think about is jazz.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Edsel Ford (to come right out with the names) had lunch together at the Roosevelt one day recently. Afterwards, discovering he was out of cash, Vanderbilt presented an American Express cheque to the cashier at her window. It was obvious that her suspicions were aroused — it's an old trick saying you're Cornelius Vanderbilt. Her evident doubt made Vanderbilt uneasy and, thinking to convince her of his identity, he remarked, "I have just had lunch here with Edsel Ford." This was too thick. Bang went the money drawer which the cashier had tentatively opened. She said he'd have to see the credit manager.

Just when we thought we had become accustomed to the younger

generation, this had to happen. Into our uptown local slipped a little girl and carefully seated herself. She carried a book under one arm. She was pretty, and not more than ten years old. A few ladies in the car tch-tchked, looking at one another as if to say: "What kind of a mother allows this child to travel alone in the subway?" A moment later they wished they had saved their tch-tchks — after she had smoothed her skirt, the little girl settled herself, brushed a wisp of hair from her eye, and opened her book. Name of book: "Kept Woman," by Viña Delmar.

When the noon whistle blows in Bronx Zoo, it starts the wolves howling. They point their noses high, their breath curls upward on the cold air, and they give tongue in the primeval forests of their cage. Movie people have been trying to record this performance in sound pictures, but without any luck — the wolves refuse to howl into a microphone. It's one of the little city problems that haven't been solved yet.

Animals are rather hard to take in sound pictures, Dr. Ditmars, the snake man, tells us. He has been making sound records of their voices for synchronization with his own moving pictures, and has recorded the sounds of most of the animals in the Park. Lions are disappointing — they sound like a cow, no majesty, only vaguely sad. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a sound record, for its trademark lion, but gave it up, it sounded so feeble and un-metro-goldwyn-mayer. Camels are difficult, and better results are obtained by having a man make a noise like a camel than by taking the camel's voice itself. Strangely enough, one of the best sound artists is the rattlesnake — the sound record of a rattler is perfect. Dr. Ditmars experimented with a wooden rattle in front of the microphone, but could get nothing as good as the real thing. The hiss of the cobra is also rather nice.

A major difficulty is getting the animal to make any sound at all, animals having a penchant for absolute silence. There are different ways of stimulating them. To make a monkey scream with horror, you show it a live snake. To make it chatter with glee, you show it a banana. Tree toads won't perform until you begin sawing up a piece of bronze with a hacksaw — and that spoils the record. Dr. Ditmars wanted to make a katydid record and found that the only way he could induce the katydids to make their monotonous music was by placing other katydids on the outside of his studio, so that his subjects could hear the low distant sound of their love-making. This required a lot of katydids, and necessitated a trip to Wurtsborough Mountain in Jersey, where katydids can be captured at night in the scrub oaks on the mountainside.

According to Dr. Ditmars, the cleanest and most satisfactory way to record animal sounds is to stay away from the animals altogether, and summon a man named Phil Dwyer, who will make any noise you ask for, and who doesn't require any stimulus such as bananas or distant love-making.

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